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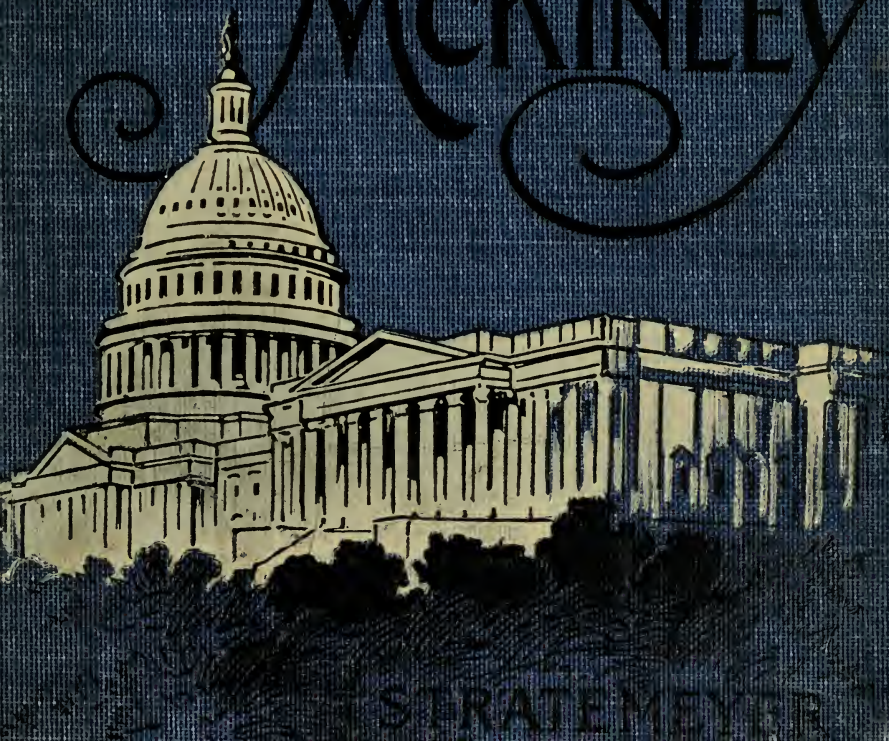


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AMERICAN BOYS' LIFE



OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY



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On and on rode Lieutenant McKinley. — (P. 78.)

AMERICAN BOYS' LIFE
OF
WILLIAM McKINLEY

BY

EDWARD STRATEMEYER

AUTHOR OF "WITH WASHINGTON IN THE WEST," "ON TO PEKIN"

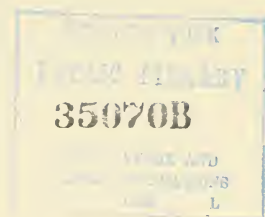
"THE OLD GLORY SERIES," "SHIP AND SHORE SERIES"

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BOSTON
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1901



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THE AMERICAN BOYS' LIFE OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

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PREFACE

THE life of William McKinley affords a shining example to all American boys of what honesty, perseverance, and a strict attention to duty can accomplish.

The twenty-fifth President of our Nation was born in a humble home, of humble parentage, and had to make his own way in life at an early age. When little more than a boy he taught school for a living, and at the age of eighteen he became a private in the army. He served through the whole of the great Civil War, and so faithful was he and so heroic that he became first a commissary sergeant, next a lieutenant, then a captain, and, finally, left the army a full-fledged major, twenty-two years old.

William McKinley could have remained in the army, and would undoubtedly have risen to a much higher rank had he done so. But this was against his mother's wish,

and to please her then, as he had always tried to please her before, he gave up that hope and took to the law. Poor, but persevering, he studied until able to pass his examination, and then set up for himself, in a very humble way, in Canton, Ohio, which from that time on became his home. Here, as a lawyer, he served a term of two years as prosecutor of Stark County, and was a few years later nominated for Congress and elected to that honorable office.

As a congressman McKinley served his State and his Nation well for nearly fourteen years. At the conclusion of that time Ohio wanted a new governor, and McKinley was made such by a large majority of votes. So popular was he that, despite the loss of his private fortune through a friend whom he had endeavored to help, when he came up for reëlection he was kept in the gubernatorial chair by a majority which was as astonishing as it was pleasing to him.

In all his long political career McKinley had been faithful not alone to his party, but also to his friends and to the public at large. Twice he might have had the nomination for the Presidency, but he had given

his word to stand up for others and he would not allow that pledge to be broken.

But at last came the time when he stood free to accept the highest office within the gift of the American people. He was made President amid the good wishes of all members of his party, and later on was elected a second time by an increased vote, which showed that many who had formerly opposed him were now his supporters.

Thus it was that this unknown boy, this humble soldier, this obscure lawyer, climbed the ladder of success from the very bottom to the very top, rung by rung, toiling faithfully, conscientiously, and with a strong religious conviction that as long as he did what was right he had no reason to fear for the future. This alone is a lesson which every American youth will do well to remember.

But there are other lessons of equal importance. When William McKinley became President, his aged mother testified to the fact that her son had always been a good boy, that he had never disappointed her, and that she believed he had never told her a lie. Would that every mother in

our broad land could say as much of her boy! And when William McKinley married and settled down, his domestic life was above reproach, and thousands can testify to his loving, tender care of a wife who was an invalid for many years.

A character that is so noble and so spotless is certainly well worth studying, and it is for this reason that the author has written this volume, hoping that its perusal will inspire boys to be true to themselves in the best meaning of that saying, doing, as faithfully as they can, all that their hands find to do, and growing up into honest, wide-awake American citizens, to enjoy the prosperity which our departed President did so much to establish.

EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

OCTOBER 15, 1901.

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AMERICAN BOYS' LIFE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY



CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY —
ANCESTRY — EARLY TRAINING — HONESTY AND
TRUTHFULNESS — FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL

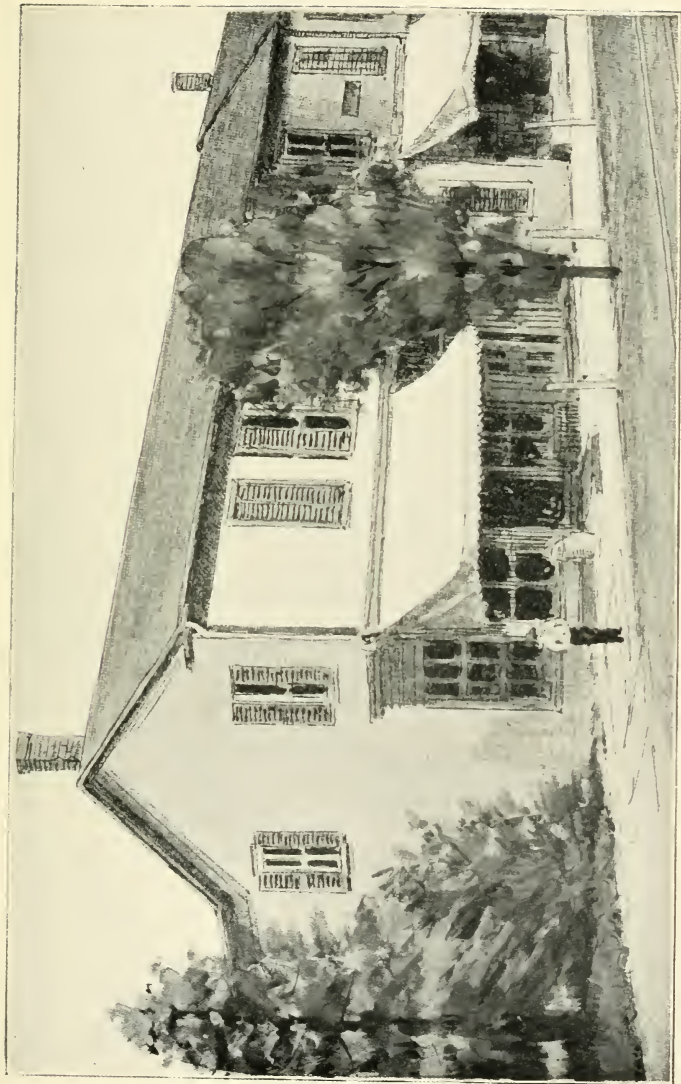
“WILLIAM was always a good boy. I could always depend upon him. He never gave me a cross word, and I don't believe he ever told me a lie.”

Such are the well-remembered words of Mrs. Nancy McKinley, and they were the keynote of success in the life of the son who afterward became the President of our country. He was considerate to the last degree of his mother, his wife, his friends, and the welfare of his nation, and winning the high place that he did for himself, his life is well

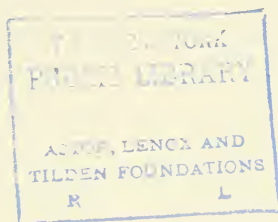
worth studying by every patriotic American youth.

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, was born in Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, January 29, 1843. He was the seventh child in the family, and after him came two others, a boy and a girl. His parents were far from well-to-do, and had no influential friends; so it was apparent from the start that if the lad wished to make anything of himself it must be accomplished through his own determination and courage.

Determination and courage he had in plenty, for it was his by birth, coming to him through an ancestry which can be traced back with much interest to the days of MacBeth and MacDuff in the highlands of Scotland. Genealogists tell us that the McKinley or McKinlay family originated in the western part of Scotland, where they joined the Covenanter party and fought bravely against the persecution of the Stuart kings. They emigrated to the north of Ireland during the time of Charles II., helping to colonize the then desolate fields of Ulster. From Ulster they came to Amer-



Birthplace of William McKinley, Niles, Ohio.



ica as part of that large body of Scotch-Irish colonists who did so much toward making this country what it is to-day.

James McKinley, the great-great-grandfather of the future President, came to America in a sailing vessel which, we are told, was not so large as the famous *Mayflower* of Puritan fame. Shortly after landing he took his way to Pennsylvania, and settled in York County, then little more than a wilderness, inhabited by Indians, and overrun with deer, buffalo, and other wild animals. Here, on May 16, 1755, his son David was born, — a rugged, fearless youth, who, when the colonists declared themselves free and independent, hastened to join the army under Washington, fighting with that same courage which distinguished his great-grandson during the Civil War.

Shortly after the end of the Revolution, David McKinley moved westward, first to Westmoreland and Mercer counties in Pennsylvania, and then to Columbiana County, Ohio. His son James moved from the homestead to New Lisbon in 1809, taking with him his two-year-old son William.

James McKinley was engaged in the manufacture of iron, being what was commonly called a furnace man. As the son grew up, he too went into the iron business, becoming the manager of a furnace at New Wilmington, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, a position he maintained for upward of twenty years. This furnace was miles from the home of William McKinley, Sr.; but furnace work was not easy to be had in those days, and rather than give up his position, the father of the future President used to drive home every Saturday to see his family, and drive back to work early Monday morning.

In 1829, William McKinley, Sr., married Nancy Campbell Allison, a descendant of English-Dutch stock that came to America with William Penn. Her grandfather was active during the Revolution, and was known as a maker of bullets and cannon. He was a founder by trade, sturdy, stern, and uncompromising — one of the men who said we must establish our freedom no matter what the cost.

The home in which William McKinley, the future President, first saw the light of

day, was a plain, wooden, two-storied affair, having a pitched roof front and back. Downstairs, there was a little parlor, with a porch, where, years afterward, the struggling young lawyer delivered more than one political address. This house was standing up to 1895, although a part of the lower floor had been turned into a store. When the march of improvement demanded that the house be cut in two and part of it be removed, the man who had been born there was running for the Presidency, and some of the timbers of the building were manufactured into canes to be used by the campaign clubs marching in his honor !

In those days the town of Niles was little more than a struggling village, with a score of houses, one or two stores, a blacksmith shop, and a tavern or road hotel. The house stood close to the road, and next to it was a field with some trees, where William McKinley's brothers and sisters were wont to play. The town is nine miles northwest of the city of Youngstown, on the line of several railroads, and is given up chiefly to the iron industry.

The day upon which William McKinley was born was probably not unlike hundreds of other wintry days — cold, blustery, perhaps snowy, making the pedestrians gather their clothing tighter around them and hurry home faster than usual, giving no thought to the fact that in that unpretentious frame cottage a babe had been born whose name was to go down in history alongside that of the immortal Washington and Lincoln, a babe that was to become an earnest, far-seeing man, a soldier bent upon the task of saving this glorious Union to itself, a statesman, a governor, and at last a President who should guide this Nation through a war against oppression, giving to one set of people their liberty, and to another the opportunities of an enlightened civilization.

William McKinley came into a family of strong religious convictions, and the prayers learned at his mother's knee were never forgotten. The family were Methodists, attending church regularly, also the weekly prayer meetings, and the children seldom missed in their Bible Class or Sunday School work. In fact, so strong was the church tendency of the family that Wil-

liam was in his early youth intended for the ministry.

“William is a good boy,” said Mrs. Nancy McKinley. “Some day he may become a bishop. He’s already clever at talking.” But it was not to be. Instead of entering the theological seminary the youth became a lawyer. But in his mother’s eyes he was always the same; for when he was inaugurated President for the first time, and she, straight as of old, but carrying the weight of many years, sat and saw, with honest pride, her son take the oath of office, and saw him receiving the congratulations of thousands, she said as of old: “William was always a good boy. I could always depend upon him. He never gave me a cross word, and I don’t believe he ever told me a lie. I’m glad that he is President, for his sake, even though I did used to think he’d make a fine minister.” What strong, glorious words for every youth in this broad land to remember: “*I could always depend upon him. He never gave me a cross word, and I don’t believe he ever told me a lie.*” Would that every mother could say as much of her own son.

And yet, lest some of my young readers may be inclined to think that William McKinley, the boy, was too goody-goody to suit them, let me add that such was far from being the case. He came from hard-working and fighting stock, and lived in a community where disputes were often settled with the fists. As a small boy, those who still remember him say he was a sturdy little fellow, not very tall, but broad of shoulder, and one who did not hesitate to take his own part if imposed upon. There is no recollection of his having sought a quarrel, but a number of stories are told of his having been in them and come off the victor. But in the majority of cases William tried to act the peacemaker, just as he often acted the peacemaker in later life.

In his boyhood days William McKinley loved to fish, and the story is told that he was very patient and would wait for hours for a bite, sitting on the old wooden bridge which spanned a nearby stream. Once he sat there until dark, and when he got home his mother wanted to know where he had been.

"I was fishing, mother," he replied.

"Fishing?" said Mrs. McKinley. "Where is your fish?"

"I didn't catch any to-day. But I located a big fellow and I'll get him tomorrow."

At this his mother smiled. But he was as good as his word, and brought home the fish for supper.

In those days skates were scarce and cost more money than the average family cared to pay out for half a dozen boys and girls. William had to learn to skate on a pair of skates which another boy owned. This man tells that he used to lend Will the skates in return for being "towed around," and adds:—

"William was a good skater. He couldn't do much at fancy figures, but he could beat lots of the boys when it came to a straight out race. . He'd swing along like a steam engine, often with a stick in both hands and a tippet flying from around his neck and under his arms."

William McKinley learned his letters at home, from his big brothers and sisters, but when six years of age he was taken

to the village school at Niles, a small, primitive-looking building, with rough desks and hard wooden benches,—a building which has since become the office of a granite company. Here he was instructed in the three R's, — reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. He was naturally of a studious nature, and it is told that seven times out of ten he was at the head of his class. Thus he learned to read at an early age, and before he was fifteen he had read nearly all the books which came within his reach.

CHAPTER II

REMOVAL TO POLAND — LIFE AS A SCHOOLBOY — THE
DEBATING SOCIETY — HIS OPINION OF A LAW CASE

As the McKinley family were numerous and the paternal purse by no means large, it soon became a question of what should be done with so many boys and girls. The older ones had outgrown the Niles school, and there was no other school in the neighborhood to which they could be sent.

“We will move to Poland,” said Mr. McKinley. “There are more chances there, and I want to do the best I can by the children.” And to Poland the family moved when William McKinley was nine years old. Poland was well known for its educational facilities, for it boasted of two good institutes of learning, one controlled by the Methodists and the other by the Presbyterians. Shortly after the McKinleys came to the place the Presbyterian school was burned down, and then both institutions were merged into one, known as the Union Seminary.

Poland is located eight miles south of Youngstown, and is given over to mining and agriculture. The great railroads have passed it by, and consequently it has made scant advances since the time when William McKinley trudged its dusty roads on his way to the Union Seminary. Here his elder sister Annie taught for some years, and here the young scholar made a firm friend of another teacher, a Miss Blakelee, who, after serving the school for many years, left her position to be married. Miss Blakelee was McKinley's favorite teacher, and when, in 1883, he went to Poland Academy to address the graduating class there, he paid her a glowing tribute for all she had done toward making him the scholar that he was.

In those days there was always plenty of work for William McKinley to do at home. He sawed and split wood, brought water, and did his share of house chores just as other boys have done and are doing to-day. He never shirked, but would get through as quickly as possible, that he might get back to his book or to some favorite problem in mathematics, for he was a lover of the

latter study. When there was nothing else to do, he would often listen to the men talking about politics, state rights, and kindred subjects, and on several occasions he travelled to Youngstown with his school chums to listen to some political speakers. These were the days in which the question of slavery was uppermost in all men's minds, and the politicians waxed exceedingly warm in their arguments of what should and what should not be done.

"I'd like to be a politician and spout out like that," said one of the schoolboys one day, after listening to a speech.

"I'll tell you what we can do," answered McKinley. "We can organize or join a debating society. Then we can choose a subject to debate on, take sides, and have lots of fun, and it will be instructive, too."

The subject was broached to the boys and girls the next day and took like wild-fire. Some thirty of them formed the club, and they obtained a small room where they might hold their meetings and do their debating. It was decided to call the club the Everett Literary and Debating Society, in honor of Edward Everett, the

distinguished secretary of state, senator, and at one time president of Harvard College. In those days Everett was at the height of his fame, and was known from one end of the land to the other for his power as a debater.

The boys and girls were very proud of their society, and it was a happy day for William McKinley when he became its president and sat in the chair on the platform with the gavel in his hand. One cannot help but wonder if he had any dreams in those days concerning the great and important places he was to occupy in the future.

Unfortunately there are no authentic records of the subjects which were debated by the society at this period, but they probably numbered a great variety. The slavery question was in everybody's mouth, and very likely it came in for a full share of the discussion. But it is a matter of record that William McKinley spoke often, giving the chair up to somebody else for that purpose, and that his manner so charmed those who listened to him that when it came time to vote for one side or the other of the de-

baters, he was generally found on the winning side.

At first the society room was but plainly furnished, with a small desk-like table, a few common chairs, and half a dozen benches. On the walls were a print of Washington and another of Jefferson, and between them a pair of crossed flags. The floor was bare.

"I think this society ought to have a carpet for the floor," said one of the girl members one day.

"Oh yes, let us have a carpet, by all means!" cried a number. "It would make the room look ever so much nicer."

When the question was put to the boys, some of them were doubtful. A carpet would cost a good deal of money, and besides, what would keep it from getting covered with mud on rainy meeting days? None of the roads around Poland were paved, and when it was wet, the shoes and boots of the members often became thickly covered with mud.

"We'll get a carpet," said the young president. "Let us all save up and contribute what we can, and when we've

got it, we'll find some way to keep it clean."

So the society began to save up, and at last had enough money to purchase the carpet. A committee of the girls was appointed, and they went to a local store, where they selected a durable ingrain carpet having a groundwork of green, with red flowers and yellowish wreaths. When the carpet was tacked down, it looked so new and beautiful that hardly anybody dared to step upon it.

"The boys will spoil the carpet with their muddy hobnailed boots," said one of the girl members.

"I move we make slippers for the boys to wear while attending the meetings," said another girl.

This motion was seconded and carried, and all the girls set to work to knit or embroider slippers for the male members of the society. But alas! by the time the next meeting took place the slippers were far from ready, and it rained in torrents. The boys came as usual, but stood outside in their muddy boots and shoes, not daring to venture a step farther, for fear of spoiling that nice new carpet.



And, in his stocking feet, William McKinley took the chair.

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“Let’s take off our boots and shoes!” cried one boy. “We can hold the meeting in our stocking feet just as well!” And in a twinkling off came the muddy foot coverings, which the boys placed wherever it was convenient. And thus, in his stocking feet, William McKinley took the chair, and the business of the debating society proceeded.

In his younger years William McKinley had loved not only to go fishing and bathing, but also to go horseback riding, and a story is told of how he once won a race between another boy and himself on horseback between Poland and Youngstown. But as he grew older this love of outdoor sports diminished, although he loved horses and driving as long as he lived. More and more of his time was devoted to reading and studying, until some of his chums got to calling him “The studious William.” Whenever there was a case to be tried in court, and he could get there, he went, and sitting in a corner, would drink in every word uttered by the lawyers and the judge.

“Well, what did you think of the case,

William?" asked one of the lawyers of him, one day, after court was over.

"I thought it went the wrong way," was the quick answer.

"The wrong way? Why?"

"The defendant didn't bring out his evidence strong enough. He had a good case, it seemed to me. The goods he bought were not as good as they were represented to be, and it wasn't fair to make him pay the full price for them."

At this the lawyer smiled. "I think you are right, William," he said, "and I shouldn't be surprised to see the case appealed."

The case was appealed, and when tried in a higher court the verdict was for the defendant, just as William McKinley said it ought to be. This shows well how judicial was his turn of mind even when a youth.

CHAPTER III

MCKINLEY ENTERS ALLEGHENY COLLEGE — A CLOSE STUDENT — SICKNESS AND RETURN HOME — BECOMES A SCHOOL TEACHER — THE MUTTERINGS OF CIVIL WAR.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY was blessed with the best of mothers, a kind, loving woman, who could still be firm when the occasion demanded it, and who did all she could to bring him up a sober, upright, God-fearing, Christian man. We have seen how he attended Sunday School regularly and how he was rarely absent from the McKinley pew in church. When between fifteen and sixteen years of age he joined the Methodist Church, and in this faith he remained to the day of his death. But, as becomes a great statesman, he was broad in his views, and in later life numbered among his friends people of all religious beliefs.

It was a great day for William McKinley when he graduated from the Union School of Poland. He had studied hard to acquit

himself well, and if he was not at the head of the class he was very close to it, and he was one of the youngest of the boys and girls at that. It had been decided by his father and his mother, after a long conference, to send him to Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and when the youth was examined for admission it was found he had done so well that he was placed in the junior class, thus cutting off a year and more of the regular course.

In those days Allegheny College, which now boasts of Hulings Hall, Wilcox Hall, and other fine structures, consisted of but two buildings worth mentioning — Bentley Hall and Ruter Hall. The first of these, a neat building of brick, located on a hill north of the town, was built in 1820, and the second, also of brick, was built in 1855. Close to the college were a series of rocks and a deep ravine, and not far away was the Cussewago and French Creek, where the students used to boat and bathe to their hearts' content. The college campus embraced sixteen acres, only a small portion of which was cleared.

To this institute of learning went William

McKinley, accompanied by two boy companions. The young students were all earnest fellows, and each was determined to pass through college with the highest possible honors. This was especially true of McKinley; for he knew what sacrifices his parents and his sisters had made to place him there, and he felt that it was his sacred duty to make the most of his opportunity.

"I'm going to do my best, mother," he said. "I know what you expect of me, and I'll try not to disappoint you."

"I know you will do your best, William," she answered. "But remember, your health is not of the best, and you must take care of yourself, or you will break down."

"Oh, I am going to take more outdoor exercise after this, mother. That will make me strong again, I am sure."

So spoke the young student, and he kept his word, taking a long walk every morning before settling down to his studies. This habit of an early morning walk remained with him even while in the White House, and he was frequently seen "taking his constitutional" long before many other officials were astir.

But "all work and no play" will not do for anybody, and the mental strain to which McKinley subjected himself soon began to tell upon him. His cheeks grew pale and thin, and he occasionally complained of violent headaches and pains in the chest. When he came home on a few days' vacation, both his mother and his sisters were greatly alarmed.

"He has been studying too hard," said Annie McKinley. "He needs a rest. If he doesn't get it, he will surely break down."

She knew William better than did any of the other brothers and sisters, and the mother agreed that she was right, and that, for the present at least, the young student must give up his studies. So, much against his will, William McKinley bade adieu to Allegheny College, where he had been for less than a year. When he left, he fully expected to return in a short while, but this was not to be.

A vacation of a few months around home did wonders for the youth, and at the end of that time he announced that he felt as well as ever. In the meantime, however,

hard times had come upon the country, wages went down, and many were thrown out of employment entirely. The McKinley family suffered with the rest, and Mr. McKinley, with his large family, had often all he could do to make both ends meet, even though he still kept his position as the manager of the iron works.

"I think it is about time that I earned something," said William McKinley, one day. "Father, Annie, and the others are working, and I feel that I ought to work, too."

"But where will you get an opening?" asked Mrs. McKinley. "You know how hard times are."

"They tell me they want a teacher over at the Kerr district school. Perhaps I can get that position."

"They don't pay very much over there, do they?"

"They pay twenty-five dollars per month and board the teacher around, mother. It's not much, but it's better than nothing."

Having thus spoken, William McKinley at once set about obtaining the position he

had mentioned. It is said his sister, the teacher, and Miss Blakelee helped him, and soon he was installed as the new teacher at the district school, which was about two and a half miles from his home in Poland.

At this time he was but little more than seventeen years of age, and he had pupils under him who were almost if not quite as old. Some of the pupils were rough country lads, who dearly loved to "cut up" and "git the new teacher in a snarl," and on more than one occasion the young schoolmaster had to lay down the law with all the force of his eloquence and the strength of his hands.

As before mentioned, the teacher was expected to "board around," but for the greater part of the time McKinley used to trudge from his home to the school in the morning, and back again in the afternoon when school was dismissed. As a teacher he continued his studies, and on his long walks always had his books with him. Along the route to school were several comfortable nooks, and at these he would stop to rest and to read, filling his mind

with that knowledge which in after life was of such great benefit to him.

In those days the fires of the great Civil War, which was to bring so much trouble to our glorious country, were already smouldering and had been smouldering for years. The great question was that of state sovereignty, or state rights, brought on over the question of which states should own slaves and which should not. Briefly explained, the people of the North held that no new states admitted to the Union should possess slaves, while the people of the South held that such new states had a right to do as they pleased concerning the slave question. Each side was fully convinced that it was in the right, and each was prepared to fight to the bitter end in the upholding of its principles.

As said before, William McKinley had been in the habit of listening to public speakers, and now he listened more attentively than ever, for he was anxious to learn all the details of the magnificent struggle which was so soon to unroll itself before the eyes of the world. But like thousands of others, he did not believe it possible that

the South would secede from the Union and set up a Confederacy of its own. Washington had fought for this Union and so had hundreds of other famous men, and he could not bear to think of the states being divided and of their making war upon each other.

The crisis was reached on Tuesday, November 6, 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. He was bitterly opposed by the South, and his election took from that section of our country the power it had before held in national affairs. As the telegraph flashed the news everywhere there was intense excitement, for all felt that the South must either submit to the contentions of the North or go into open rebellion.

Deeming herself fully justified in her course of action, South Carolina took the lead in seceding from the Union, on December 20, and called upon her sister states of the South to do likewise and aid in forming one great slave-holding Confederacy. Other states were not long in coming to the front, and early in the year 1861 the Southern Confederacy was formed, with

Jefferson Davis as President and A. H. Stephens as Vice President. As soon as this deed was consummated, the Confederates took it upon themselves to seize all government property within reach.

CHAPTER IV

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER—MCKINLEY HEARS
THE NEWS—THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS—THE
ENLISTMENT—OFF FOR THE WAR

ONE day a horseman, covered with dust and dirt, came into Poland on the gallop and drew up in front of the general store and post-office.

“Fort Sumter has been bombarded!” he cried to the crowd gathered around to receive the mail.

“Fort Sumter bombarded?” questioned half a dozen men. “You are sure of this?”

“Yes, the news came into Youngstown an hour and a half ago.”

“If it’s true, it means war!”

Instantly there was great excitement, just as there was excitement in every town, village, and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the land. As the news travelled from mouth to mouth, the people gathered to talk it over and speculate upon what would be the outcome.

"It means a long war," said one.

"Oh, pshaw! there will be no war at all. It will all be over in two or three months," added another.

"The South can't fight, and one big battle will finish the whole thing," said a third.

Nobody dreamed of what was in store for the Nation, — four long years of a bloody contest, fathers and brothers slain, families divided, fortunes lost, business paralyzed, and the best of friends made the bitterest of enemies. It was truly a time to try men's souls. Nobody knew what to expect, nobody knew what would happen next.

In the post-office, sorting out mail matter, was William McKinley. He had given up teaching the district school and was now acting as an assistant postmaster. As the talk from outside sifted to his ears, he looked up in wonder.

"So the South has started the war?" he said.

"Yes, the South has started the war, William," said a man who was waiting for his mail. "They're foolish to do it, for they can't hold out long."

At this McKinley shook his head. "I

don't know about that. They have a good many men down there, and they have seen to it that they are pretty well provided with guns and cannon. I read of it in the papers."

"But they can't stand up against us," put in another man. "We will soon knock the spots out of 'em."

"Don't you be too sure of that," came from an old soldier who sat near the door, on a cracker barrel. "I fought alongside of some of those fellows in 1812, and in the Mexican War, and I tell you they can fight just as well as any of us. If war comes, it will be a long and bloody one, mark my words."

The news concerning Fort Sumter proved true. "The shot that was heard around the world" was fired on Friday, April 12, 1861. The cannonading was fast and furious, and Major Anderson, in command of the fort, could do little either to defend himself or in retaliation. The Unionists held the quarters for thirty-four hours and then accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, and marched from the place a few hours later.

This was on Sunday, and all day long the people of the North wondered what President Lincoln would do. Great crowds walked the streets at night, and the little village of Poland shared in the general anxiety. On Monday the President issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to put down the rebellion.

Seventy-five thousand men! The eyes of the nation were opened at last. Grim war was a reality. The excitement grew, and as the call to arms was made in every city, town, and hamlet, men, young and old, poured forth, to fight for the flag they so loved. And while this was going on in the North, those of the South were equally active and equally anxious to strike a blow in the defence of their principles.

The town of Poland was as patriotic as any in the North, and when recruiting began at the old Sparrow House tavern, William McKinley walked over to listen to the speech making and see who enlisted. He had already been over to Youngstown with a cousin to see some soldiers off, and this had fired his patriotism. The old tavern was gayly decorated with the stars and

stripes, and on a board was posted Lincoln's call for volunteers. On a small box on the porch of the tavern stood a recruiting agent, talking earnestly to all who had gathered.

"Our country's flag has been fired upon," said the speaker, pointing to Old Glory. "It has been trailed in the dust by those who should have cherished and loved it. And for what? That this free government may keep a race in the bondage of slavery! Who will be the first to defend the glorious stars and stripes?"

There was a painful silence, and one man looked at another. Then a veteran of the Mexican War spoke up.

"I will go. Come on, boys. Show what you are willing to do for Uncle Sam!"

"I will go," cried one of the young men, who had been McKinley's schoolfellow.

Then several others stepped forward and put down their names. One or two looked at William McKinley.

"Are you going, Will?" asked a friend.

"I expect to go," was the answer.

"Then why don't you put down your name?"

"I want to tell mother first," he answered,

and hurried away. It did not take him long to reach the house in which he lived, and rushing in, he found his mother hard at work in the kitchen.

"Mother, I am going to enlist," he said.

"Enlist, William?" she said slowly, and dropped her broom.

"Yes. They need soldiers to fight the South and put down this rebellion. The others are enlisting, and I don't want to hang back."

"But you are so young," pleaded the mother. "And you are not very strong."

"Oh, I'm stronger than I was. Of course, if they reject me, I'll have to stay home."

The mother demurred, for she loved her boy greatly; but at last, when she saw that his heart was set upon going, she consented. Back to the tavern he rushed, and put down his name on the list of volunteers.

"Hurrah! we'll have great sport," cried one of the young volunteers. "We'll soon show those rebels how to behave!"

"It will not be sport to kill people," replied McKinley. "And the sport, as you call it, may be on the other side. In the

Revolution the soldiers of the South fought as well as did the soldiers of the North. They are surely in earnest, or they wouldn't have bombarded Fort Sumter."

"Oh, they knew they had a sure thing there," was the reply. "It was their game from the start. But when we meet them on an open battlefield, they will sing a different tune."

So the talk ran on, the majority thinking that going to war was to be very much like a huge "picnic," as some expressed it. A few thought the rebellion would last six months, but the majority thought that thirty or sixty days would see its conclusion. Could they have foreseen those four long years of blood and carnage, how they would have shuddered!

The volunteering of the recruits was followed by drilling on the town green. There were no uniforms, and not enough muskets to go around, and the officers wore only belts and swords. At first the company was an awkward one, and the mistakes made in military tactics were laughable. Here William McKinley learned to "line up," "march," "wheel," and the like, and like-

wise learned the manual of arms. It was a busy time, and the green was always crowded with those who desired to see how the young soldiers were progressing.

At last came the day when the volunteers were to leave Poland, march to Youngstown, and there take the train first for Cleveland and then for Camp Chase at Columbus. It was a holiday in the town, but a sorrowful one, for many who marched away so bravely were never to return. Flags fluttered from many windows and housetops, and an old cannon roared out a parting salute. In the ranks marched William McKinley, a private, going to fight for the Union which he, in later years, helped so greatly to prosper. On the sidewalk were his folks, his mother weeping silently, and the others scarcely less affected.

"Good-by!" he shouted bravely, even though there must have been a strange lump in his throat. "Good-by all!"

"Good-by, and God bless you, my boy!" said the fond mother, and then the drum rattled, the fife piped up its merry tune, and the Poland volunteers were off for the war.

CHAPTER V

AT CAMP CHASE—THE TWENTY-THIRD OHIO INFANTRY
AND ITS OFFICERS — A FIRST ENGAGEMENT — IN
WASHINGTON — BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

THE trip from Youngstown to Cleveland and then to Columbus did not take long, and arriving at the latter place, the Poland recruits were immediately marched to Camp Chase, a beautiful spot well adapted to the purposes of mustering troops into the United States service.

Here every volunteer had to be examined physically, and it may well be supposed that William McKinley was exceedingly anxious concerning this part of the proceedings. He had set his heart upon going to the war, and had he been rejected on account of his health, he would have been sorely disappointed.

When his turn came, he found himself in the presence of General Fremont, known as the "Pathfinder of the West," because of

his trip of years before. General Fremont looked him over, thumped him on the chest, gazed into his clear grayish eyes, and then said pleasantly, "You'll do."

It was a great relief from a mental strain, and McKinley hurried back to his tent with his face full of smiles.

"I guess you're going, Will," sang out one of the volunteers. "He didn't turn you down, did he?"

"No; he said I'd do," answered McKinley. "And I'm going to do—the very best I can."

The Poland volunteers became Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and were mustered into service for three years on June 11, 1861. The regiment was in many respects a remarkable one. Its first colonel was William S. Rosecrans, afterward Major-general and Commander of the Department of the Cumberland; its lieutenant-colonel was Stanley Matthews, afterward United States senator, and associate justice of the Supreme Court; and its first major was Rutherford B. Hayes, who after the war became governor of Ohio and then President of the United

States. Before the regiment went into the field, however, Colonel Rosecrans received a commission as brigadier-general in the regular army, and was succeeded in command by Colonel E. P. Scammon.

It was a solemn proceeding when the regiment was sworn into the service of the United States, a proceeding which none of the young recruits forgot for many years afterward. The swearing-in was followed by constant drilling, and each soldier was measured for his uniform and given a rifle, ammunition-box, knapsack, and blanket.

It is said by those who were in the regiment with him, that William McKinley took to soldiering naturally and learned his Hardee's Tactics with scarcely an effort. With one who had been so studious, this was not to be wondered at; and it will surprise nobody when told that he was always on hand when wanted.

Fourth of July was passed in camp by the soldiers, who did what they could to make the day a patriotic one, with the firing of guns, and huge camp-fires at night, around which the boys congregated to sing "Hail, Columbia," "America," and other

songs. Then came orders to go to Clarksburg, West Virginia, and hither the regiment went, late in the month.

Hardly had the regiment reached Clarksburg when it was ordered to Weston. The Rich Mountain range was full of guerillas, — lawless men who cared only for plunder, regardless of the rights of the North or the South, — and these were chased over and around the mountains and through the deep ravines. It rained almost constantly, and the soldier boys were often wet to the skin, and had to sleep that way during the night.

“Tell you what, this is tough,” growled one volunteer. “I didn’t bargain for it, when I joined.”

“We’ll have to take the weather as it comes,” said McKinley, philosophically. “We are no worse off than the men we are fighting.”

The regiment had been divided into two parts, but on the 1st of September the wings came together at Bulltown, and then joined the forces under General Rosecrans and moved on Carnifex Ferry. Here the Confederates under General Floyd were

drawn up in battle array, and it was here that William McKinley received what soldiers would call his "baptism of fire." As a private of Company E he marched to the firing line, musket in hand, alert, and ready to do or die as the occasion might require. He was but eighteen, full of patriotism and the fervor of youth. Floyd was beaten back and retreated across the Gauley River. The rain came down in torrents, rendering it difficult to pursue the Confederates, but it was attempted, and a number of prisoners were taken as a result.

After this engagement there was but little for Company E to do, and, as cold weather came on, the majority of the regiment went into winter quarters, although some companies pushed through a blinding snowstorm to the Blue Stone River, driving a detachment of the enemy before them.

The winter proved an unusually hard one, and there was much sickness in the camp. But the rugged outdoor life, instead of breaking William McKinley down, built him up, until he was as healthy and strong as any of his fellow-soldiers. The war records show that during his whole term of

service he suffered from no serious sickness, and that he was absent only once on furlough.

There was constant recruiting, drilling, and discipline, and often the soldiers had to sit up and wait upon those who were sick, and who could not get into the overcrowded hospital. Of this latter work McKinley did his full share, and many stories are told of his good-heartedness, of how he gave up his dry tent to a sick soldier whose tent was wet, and of how he loaned his blanket to the suffering. These noble deeds are not recorded on paper, but they are recorded in the hearts of those who were thus comforted.

One day, early in April, came a little surprise for William McKinley the private. His actions had been noticed by his superiors, and now he was appointed commissary sergeant of the command. To those who may not know what a commissary sergeant is, let me say that he is an under-officer who looks after the cooking and serving of food to the men in the ranks. Although humble, the place is, after all, quite important, for men must have their

eating, and have it regularly ; and if food is not properly cooked, there is much danger from sickness. The newly appointed commissary sergeant entered upon his duties at once, and how well he performed them, even under great difficulties, we shall see later.

Coming out of its winter camp, the regiment proceeded to Princeton. It was expected that a battle would occur at this place, but, fearing they could not hold the town, the Confederates set fire to it and retired. Rushing in, the Union soldiers did what they could to stop the flames and then quieted the inhabitants.

After the taking of Princeton, nothing of importance occurred for several weeks ; then the regiment was ordered first to Green Meadow and then to Camp Piatt, on the Great Kanawha.

“ We are bound for Washington ! ” cried some of the soldiers, and the report proved true. From Camp Piatt the regiment took transports to Parkersburg and from thence travelled in cars to the capital.

It was William McKinley's first visit to Washington, and when he had a few hours to himself he lost no time in inspecting the

Capitol Buildings and the White House. But in those days it is not likely that he ever thought to occupy the chair then filled by Abraham Lincoln, or that he, like Lincoln, would fall by the hand of a foul assassin. All he thought of was to do his duty fully and faithfully, and let the future take care of itself.

The victory at Bull Run had inspired the Confederates in Virginia with great confidence, and while General McClellan was in Washington, doing his utmost to bring order out of chaos and put our army on a proper footing, previous to a contemplated campaign on the peninsula, the soldiers of the South followed up their advantage by defeating General Pope. This brought them close to the Maryland line, and under the command of General Lee they crossed the Potomac, marched along the eastern slope of Catoctin Mountain, and directed their steps toward Frederick, the state capital.

The people of Maryland who were loyal to the old flag heard of the coming of the Confederates with great alarm, and instantly McClellan was appealed to, to save

them from the invaders. As a result the Union forces moved out of Washington and the neighborhood, eighty-seven thousand strong, marching by five routes, so that the enemy would not have any chance to move around them and thus assault Washington or Baltimore.

With this vast array of soldiers went Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. William McKinley had never before seen such an army, and as he marched along, with musket on his shoulder, doubtless he dreamed of all the possibilities of a soldier's life and wondered if he would ever rise from the ranks to lead a company, a regiment, or a brigade.

A great battle was expected at Frederick, but it failed to materialize, and the Union troops occupied the city with comparatively little resistance.

"They are afraid to meet us," said some of the Union soldiers. "Before long you'll hear of General Lee retreating to the south."

Leaving Frederick, the Confederate army had found its way to South Mountain, and here it held a strong position on the hill-

side and behind the rocks and trees. To South Mountain marched McClellan's army, and with this went the Twenty-third Ohio, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Hayes.

"You will advance by yonder road and attack the enemy," was the order sent by the division commander; and along the muddy and broken road hurried the regiment, and was the first to get into the contest which led up to the bloody battle of Antietam. From behind rocks and trees the Confederates poured in a deadly fire of musketry, grape, and canister, filling the air with smoke and dirt and a din which is indescribable. Men began to drop here and there — Colonel Hayes had his arm broken, a captain was shot through the elbow, several lieutenants were wounded, and out of a force of three hundred and fifty that went into the action nearly a hundred were either killed or wounded. Colonel Hayes was taken from the field, but soon reappeared, with his wound half dressed, and insisted upon continuing the struggle.

"We are going to lose the day!" was the cry, when, with a cheer, the balance of the division hove into sight, on the

double-quick, and with renewed courage what remained of the gallant Twenty-third Ohio Infantry pushed on, until the Confederates were forced to give up their position and take a new location in the woods beyond.

McKinley had had great trouble in bringing up his supplies for the regiment, but he was on hand with all that was necessary when the fighting ceased, and soon gave to the tired soldier boys the food and drink they craved. But to hurry supplies forward during the battle that followed was much harder work, and what this led to, through the pluck and persistence of the young commissary sergeant, will be told in the chapter to follow.

CHAPTER VI

MCKINLEY AT ANTIETAM — RATIONS FOR FIGHTING
SOLDIERS — MADE A SECOND LIEUTENANT — MOR-
GAN'S RAID — CAPTURE OF THE NOTED RAIDER

THE battle of Antietam Creek, or Sharpsburg, followed immediately after that of South Mountain, and lasted two days. The Confederates had taken a strong position near the Potomac, with the creek in front of them, and with General Longstreet on the right wing, and General Hill on the left wing, while General Hood, with two brigades, covered a road running northward.

There was a small skirmish on the 16th of September, but on the 17th the battle opened in earnest. Hooker's force near Keedysville did some hard fighting and was supported by Mansfield's command, the gallant commander losing his life on the field. The divisions of Sedgwick, Richardson, and French were also to the front, and aided by the artillery, helped to make the Confederate position too hot to

be held. Burnside was ordered across the creek, and went, although somewhat delayed. Then some two thousand fresh Confederate troops appeared, and Burnside was compelled to retire, when darkness put an end to the fighting, which had already lasted fourteen hours.

In this battle the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry fought with the Kanawha division. This division made a disastrous charge during the closing hours of the battle. As they were advancing, the enemy suddenly came forth from a neighboring cornfield and poured a deadly fire at them, shooting down their colors and several of the officers. For the instant there was a panic, but the soldiers rallied around Major Comly, who secured the fallen flag and raised it up, and then another rush was made. Soon a battery in the rear came to the aid of the Ohio troops, and the Confederates retired as quickly as they had come.

As commissary sergeant, William McKinley was not supposed to play a prominent part in the battle, yet the records show that he exhibited rare bravery in doing something which had never been done be-

fore, and which has seldom been done since.

The soldiers had had an early and scanty breakfast when called into action, and so rapid were their various movements that by noon many were faint and hungry. But the provision wagons were miles away, and it looked as if they must continue to fight on empty stomachs, no matter how much they craved food and drink.

With the provision wagons was Sergeant McKinley, and soon word reached him that the boys were hungry and thirsty, and dropping out right and left.

"If you could only give them a can of coffee, they'd be satisfied," said his informer.

"They shall have coffee and other rations too," cried the young commissary sergeant. "Here, help hitch up these mules!"

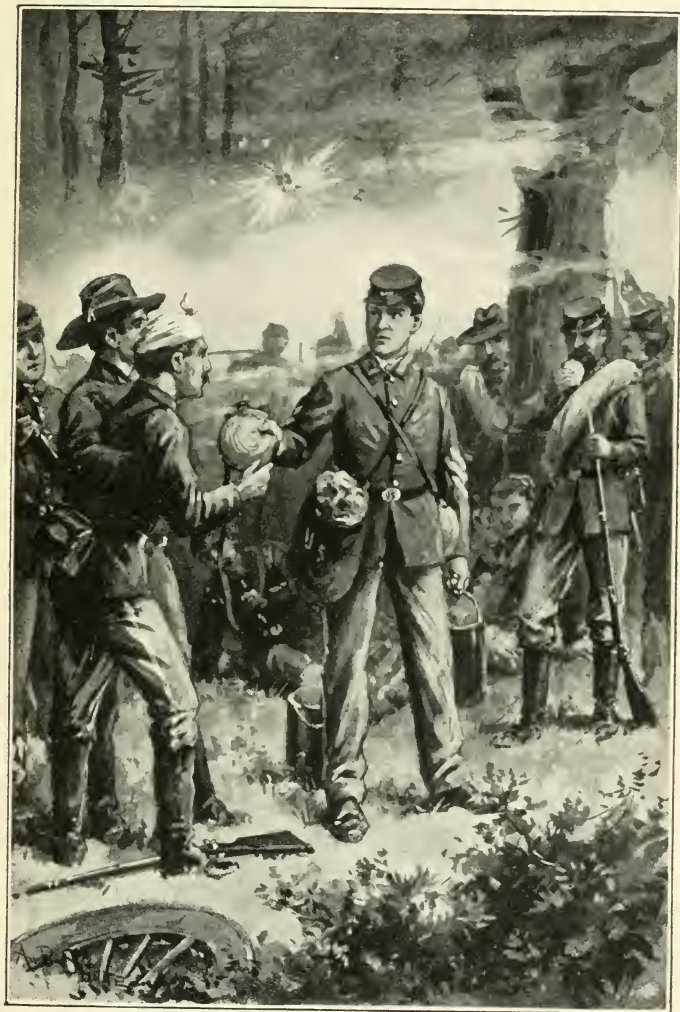
The provisions were in two wagons, and soon McKinley, aided by several army stragglers, had the mules hitched to these, and the journey to the front began. The way was uncertain, shot and shell flew in all directions, and while one wagon got stuck in a mud-hole, the mules of the other were disabled by the firing. But, un-

daunted, McKinley pushed on, driving the leading wagon himself and picking up a stray pair of mules as he went. At last he reached the field of battle, much to the amazement of many officers and to the intense delight of his command.

“Hurrah, here’s Sergeant McKinley with rations!” was the cry. “Hurrah!” And somebody else added: “What have you got, Mac? Be sure and give us the best, for we may be dead men by next meal-time!”

And give them his best Sergeant McKinley did, boiling up coffee and handing it around by the cup, canteen, and kettle, along with the rest of the provisions. One poor fellow, who was shot and who was leaning against a tree, received his portion of coffee with a muttered “God bless the lad!” that went straight to McKinley’s heart and repaid him, so he said, for all the trouble he had taken.

And what was the result of this unexpected devotion to duty? When the fighting was done, many laughed at the young sergeant, and some commissary men sneered at him for “going beyond his line of duty,” as they put it. But Colonel Hayes did not



Sergeant McKinley delivering rations on the firing line.

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sneer. Instead, when he heard of it, he was deeply impressed, and, later on, told Governor Todd the particulars.

“Such a fellow deserves promotion,” said the governor, and at once wrote to headquarters, requesting that McKinley be made a lieutenant. The request was favorably considered, and on September 24, 1862, William McKinley became a second lieutenant. A loving attention to duty had won him his shoulder straps. Of this incident, Ex-President Hayes, in making an address years afterward, said: —

“From Sergeant McKinley’s hand every man in the regiment was served with hot coffee and warm meats, a thing which had never occurred before under similar circumstances in any army in the world. He passed under fire and delivered with his own hands those things so essential to the men for whom he was laboring.”

As a lieutenant McKinley was warmly received, although some mourned over losing such a conscientious commissary sergeant. Of his days as a private, McKinley himself wrote: —

“I always look back with pleasure upon

those fourteen months in which I served in the ranks. They taught me a great deal. I was but a schoolboy when I went into the army, and that first year was a formative period in my life, during which I learned much of men and affairs. I have always been glad that I entered the service as a private and served those months in that capacity."

Early in October the regiment returned, with the rest of the Kanawha division, to West Virginia, marching by way of Hagerstown. There was a report of a Stuart raid in Pennsylvania, and a quick march was made in that direction. Quick marches were the order of the day, and on returning to Hancock the regiment ate breakfast in Pennsylvania, dinner in Maryland, and supper in Virginia, which was certainly a remarkable accomplishment when it is considered that the troops covered the ground largely on foot.

In the middle of November the regiment went into winter quarters at the falls of the Great Kanawha. The records show that during the campaign of 1862 it marched about six hundred miles. It had lost sev-

eral valuable officers and a large number of men; in round figures, over two hundred. Many were sick, and the camp equipments were no longer of the best. More than this, the eyes of every volunteer were now wide open to the fact that the soldiers of the South could fight just as bravely and sturdily as those of the North, and that the war was likely, in consequence, to last for a long while to come.

"Tell you what, it ain't going to be no picnic, after all," drawled one of the privates. "It's going to be hard work and plenty of it."

Yet for the time being there was little to do. The regiment remained where it was until the middle of March, 1863, when it was ordered to Charleston, Virginia, remaining there several months. During this time Lieutenant McKinley was occupied in drilling a portion of the command. His spare time was used in reading history and the biographies of noted military men, for he was now thinking strongly of making the army his chosen profession. In speaking of those days, one old veteran has said: —

“He was a model officer, and a good fellow to boot. To be sure, there was a certain reserve about him, so that one couldn’t get too familiar, but he was never harsh, and he never swore at us as some officers did. He never seemed to care for rough stories, and I don’t think he ever told such a story in his life, even though he would occasionally make a good-natured joke. He was a great fellow to read and to watch how matters were going in camp, and he kept his uniform and equipments as clean as the cleanest.”

At this time Morgan’s guerillas were doing much harm in the vicinity of Buffington Bar and Hockingport, on the Ohio River, and about the middle of July the regiment moved upon the noted raider, in company with other commands.

Morgan’s raid was remarkable in the dash and fire with which it was carried out, and also in the amount of property which was either carried off or destroyed by the raiders. The daring guerilla had under him several thousand cavalrymen, almost as daring as himself, several regiments from Tennessee, and a battery of artillery. With this

force he, late in June, set out from Sparta, Tennessee, and marched into Kentucky. After one or two small encounters, he reached New Market, and then set out for Lebanon. This town was guarded by a force of four hundred men who fought for seven hours, but were at last forced to surrender. Entering the place, the raiders supplied themselves with all they desired, and then pushed on to Bardstown and other places. At Shepardsville, a train was stopped, and the guerillas captured a number of soldiers, and confiscated a large amount of valuable mail matter.

The next stop was made at Brandenburg, where Morgan secured passage over the river into Indiana. There was now more alarm than ever, for the noted guerilla was steadily gaining strength, and there was no telling where he would strike next. The Union forces gathered at Springfield and marched to Brandenburg just after Morgan left it.

General Hobson was in command, with Kentucky and Ohio cavalry and mounted infantry numbering three thousand men. Other forces were speedily rushed to the

front and traps were laid in all directions to catch the wily Confederate, who moved about with the slyness of a fox, striking when least expected and vanishing before he could be cornered.

But at last Morgan began to find himself gradually hedged in, and then his one thought was to get to the South again. After a brief stop at Harrison, he moved along through Glendale and other towns and crossed the Miami River at Miamiville, the Union forces being only a few hours behind him.

“We’ll get him yet!” was the cry of those who were following, and day by day the pursuit was kept up, through numerous towns and villages and across rivers and mountains, until the Confederates reached the Ohio, near Buffington’s Island. Here they tried to cross, but were driven back, and a small portion of them surrendered. Then the others were pursued, first to a spot fourteen miles above Buffington, where more of the guerillas were captured, and then to New Lisbon, where the noted raider Morgan was himself taken with four hundred more of his followers.

In the rounding up of Morgan and his daring men the Twenty-third Ohio took an active part. It was led by Colonel Hayes, who was at the head of two regiments and a battery of artillery. There was a small battle one day and a heavy contest the next. The Confederates, knowing it was their last chance, fought with a desperation wonderful to behold and worthy of a better cause. But they could not withstand the galling fire poured into them and at last surrendered as above mentioned.

When the fighting was over, the route taken by the raiders was carefully gone over, and it was found to be literally filled with things first taken and then cast aside because of the hurried flight, — carriages, wagons, rolls of silks, muslins and calicoes, lace goods, gloves, watches and jewelry, all mingled with guns, pistols, parts of uniforms, ammunition, and boxes of provisions. The woods were full of horses and mules, many shot dead or disabled by those who had thus been forced to leave them behind, and even large packages of United States greenbacks were discovered, torn to shreds. Some of the valuables were returned to

their rightful owners, but the majority of the things remained unidentified, and were either kept by the victorious soldiers or turned over to the government at Washington.

CHAPTER VII

WINTER IN CAMP — DIVIDING UP WITH THE SOLDIER
BOYS — A DISAGREEABLE MARCH — BATTLE OF
CLOYD MOUNTAIN — A TEAMSTER'S TRIBUTE

HAVING assisted in the defeat and capture of Morgan and his raiders, the Twenty-third Ohio returned to Charleston, Virginia, and there went into winter camp, where it remained until the end of the following April.

The days proved long and dreary to the soldier boys, especially to those who could not obtain furloughs for the purpose of seeing their folks at home. There was a great deal of sleet and rain, and often a chilling wind would come up calculated to freeze the marrow in one's bones. Truly war isn't all glory, and Lieutenant McKinley found it so. But he stuck to his duty, and his old army friends say that he tried to make the best of the situation.

In those days delicacies were hard to get, and those who managed to obtain them

were reckoned unusually fortunate. When a box of good things came in for anybody, the others would gather around, hoping for a share.

One day a small box came in for the second lieutenant, and was carried to his tent, to be opened in private.

"We won't get any of that," said one of the privates, a young man from Poland. "Mac's an officer now."

"Yes, but he's not the one to go back on his old friends," answered another. "You ought to know that as well as I."

"Ordinarily, yes; but we haven't had anything but bacon and hardtack for a week now, and I reckon he's as crazy for some good things as any of us," returned the first speaker.

By this time a little group had formed around those who were talking. They were all men from Poland, Niles, and the vicinity, who had known McKinley for years. Would he keep all his good things to himself, or would he "divide up," as had been his habit when in the ranks?

Presently one of the soldiers saw him come to the door of his tent and beckon

to him. The private ran over. In his hand McKinley held a large round cake, out of which he had just cut one fair-sized slice.

"Just got this from home," he said. "You boys can divide it up between you. There are the other things I got." And he pointed to them, lying on his cot,—some new underwear and half a dozen pairs of heavy socks, made by his mother and sisters.

"Thank you, lieutenant," said the private, and hurried back to the crowd with the cake. "Told you he wouldn't go back on us," he said to his fellow-soldiers. "He's got some homemade socks in there, and I'll bet if any of us needs 'em, he'll divide up on those, too."

Early in February, 1864, there was a vacancy among the first lieutenants of the command, and some speculation was indulged in concerning who would obtain the coveted commission. But the speculation did not last long, for the honor went to McKinley, much to the satisfaction of his many friends.

"He deserves it," said an old veteran of

several wars. "Watch him, and some day you'll see him a general."

A few weeks later, orders came to break camp, and move to the Kanawha, at a point a few miles above Brownstown. Although it was now the first of May, the ravines in the mountains lay deep with snow, and the weather was anything but springlike. For three days it rained and the sleet came down, and scarcely enough dry wood could be found with which to build a camp-fire. The long winter's inactivity had not put the men in good marching condition, and it was with much toil and pain that they fought their way through the great snow-filled hollows, and up the bleak and slippery mountain sides.

Veterans tell many tales of that march, which lasted the best part of a week. "I was used up by it," said one. "It was so cold at times I couldn't tell whether I had my nose or feet left, or not. When we laid down to sleep, our blankets would often freeze fast during the night, so that we'd have to take an axe and chop them loose in the morning.

"I remember McKinley well on that

march. He had just been made a first lieutenant, and I imagine he had his eye on a captaincy — anyway, he did his full share toward hustling us along and helping stragglers. There was one poor chap who got dead beat out and in climbing the mountain side he slipped and rolled into a hollow at least two hundred feet out of the way. There was no ambulance corps around, and no doctor within call, and the sergeant detailed to look after stragglers was about as fagged out as the man who took the tumble. I was looking at the poor chap when McKinley rushes up to me, and cries, ‘Come on, let’s help him up!’ And away he goes, and me after him. I can tell you it was a tough climb down into the hole, and a worse climb back. But we got him on his feet, and then two or three others joined hands with us, and in that way we got him up to the path. We made some hot coffee for him, and gave him some liquor, and helped him along, and by and by he was all right again. But he didn’t forget what we did for him, and since then he’s voted for McKinley six or seven times.”

General Grant had now become lieuten-

ant-general of all the Union forces, and the Union army had been increased by the addition of several hundred thousand men. Steps were taken to advance upon the Confederates from a number of points at once, and this included a movement by General Crook, the noted Indian fighter, who was ordered to destroy as large a part of the Virginia and Tennessee railroad as possible, thus cutting off the Confederates' line of communication to Richmond, their capital.

After a week of hardships, as just described, the regiment to which McKinley belonged found itself, along with the rest of the brigade, before Cloyd Mountain. Here the enemy had erected rude breastworks on the ridge of a hill, behind which they had massed their infantry and light artillery.

"Forward!" came the command, about noon, and forward went the brigade, with the Twenty-third Ohio forming the right wing. The advance led across a meadow five hundred yards wide, and while in this position the soldiers were exposed to a most galling fire, and a number fell, to rise no more.

"Double-quick!" was the cry. "Come

on, boys!" And, the meadow passed, the regiment forded a small brook skirting the mountain base. Beyond was a patch of scrub timber, and into this they plunged and began the hard work of ascending the hill, over rough rocks, fallen trees, and pitfalls constructed to bar their progress. Soon arose the rattle of musketry, punctuated with the booming of artillery, the leaden hail clipping through brush and branch and spat-spatting against the rocks. The woods were filled with smoke, for in those days nothing was known of smokeless powder.

"Hurrah! We have them!" was the cry raised presently. The brigade had reached the last rise of the hill, and the enemy's position was plainly exposed. A deadly fire came from the Confederates, and a flag went down on each side. But the Unionists kept on, making a furious assault both on the infantry and the artillery, and a little later the cannon were silenced and fell into the hands of Lieutenant Austin, of the Twenty-third, who had them dragged to a place of safety. One of the Confederates tried to regain the battery, but a private of Company G pushed him back

and hung his cap over the muzzle of the piece ; and then the tide of battle swept the two apart forever.

The first ridge lost, the Confederates fell back to the second ridge, and onward went the Unionists once more. Again was the battle renewed, and again officers and privates went down before that sheet of deadly hail. On all sides the ground was torn up as if by cattle gone mad. But the Confederates could not hold their new position, and they retreated to a ridge still farther back, where they were reënforced. But the blood of the Unionists was now up, and again they advanced, until the enemy was forced into a full retreat.

The objective point of the brigade was the New River Bridge, and after destroying much of the railroad tracks in the vicinity of the above battle and at Dublin, the Unionists moved the next morning toward the New River Bridge. Here a battle was fought, largely by the artillery, and the bridge given over to the flames.

The command next turned toward Blacksburg. It rained in torrents, and the crossing of the river at Pepper's Ferry was a

tedious and thoroughly disagreeable operation, the whole command having to wait its turn to cross in one small ferry-boat. Arriving at Blacksburg, there was a skirmish with the Confederates, resulting in the loss of several killed upon either side, and then the Twenty-third crossed Salt Pond Mountain, acting on this occasion as train guard. Again it rained, and the roads proved to be in such fearful condition that it was next to impossible for horses, mules, or wagons to get through, to say nothing of artillery. Many of the wagons had to be abandoned, and were given over to the flames. Of those times one of the teamsters says: —

“Our horses were all knocked out for the want of proper fodder, and all we had to depend on was the mules, and even some of those fell by the wayside. The road was chock-a-block with all sorts of equipments that the boys found too heavy to carry, and many a poor fellow dropped out and had to be left at a temporary hospital. With the army were a number of contrabands who didn't wish to be left behind, and when their teams gave out, they had to walk.

Some of them had children with them, and the youngsters cried bitterly because of the rain and other hardships.

“Major McKinley was with us, — he was only a lieutenant then, — and he had to take his dose of the disagreeable the same as all of us. Everybody in the ranks was covered with mud, and the officers weren’t any better off, although the major always was a stickler to keep his uniform bright. He helped around the supply wagons, — he was used to that kind of work, having been a commissary sergeant himself, — and once I saw him help a poor contraband who had his wife and three children with him, and several heavy bundles of household goods, probably everything the poor fellow had in the world. McKinley helped carry one of the children along the road for at least a mile, and he helped the woman over more than one ditch. And he did those things just as if he thought it was no more than his duty to do them. I don’t wonder his old mother said, ‘William was always a good boy.’ Guess he was thinking of her when he helped the contraband and his family.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE END OF A THREE YEARS' ENLISTMENT—MCKINLEY ON GENERAL HAYES'S STAFF—BATTLES AT KERNSTOWN AND WINCHESTER—A MISSION OF LIFE OR DEATH

EARLY in June, the regiment to which Lieutenant McKinley was attached joined General Hunter's command at Staunton. The majority of the soldiers had now served their full three years of enlistment, and it became a question with these whether they should retire or reënlist as veterans.

"I've seen enough of this war," said one soldier. "I've been in a dozen skirmishes and battles, been shot once, and been sick half a dozen times. I'm going home and give somebody else a chance to bring the rebs to terms."

This sentiment was expressed by a number of others, and those uttering it could not be blamed; for, as they said, they had seen many hardships, and some had not been home since they had enlisted. Mc-

Kinley himself had been on furlough but once, in December, 1862.

"What will you do, lieutenant?" asked one of the captains when the matter was being discussed.

"I have thought it over, and I am going to stick until the war is ended," was the quiet answer. "I've been lucky not to be shot, and equally lucky not to be sick, and I don't think it would be right for me to leave, when Uncle Sam needs every man he can get." And so he remained, and a number of his war comrades remained with him.

It was a sad day when those who had been mustered out started for home. They carried the old colors with them, for the flag was so riddled by shot and shell that it could no longer be used on the battlefield. There was the parting with tent-mates, with those who had stood shoulder to shoulder when death was close at hand. Many a hand-shaking took place in silence, for those who looked into each other's moist eyes were afraid to speak for fear of breaking down.

Leaving Staunton, after having destroyed

a large quantity of army stores, and also some railroad bridges and factories, Hunter's command pushed on to Liberty. The force consisted of the brigades Hunter had originally had with him and also the commands under General Crook and General Averil. The determination was to give the enemy no time to safeguard the railroads. Averil's cavalry had already destroyed large portions of the Lynchburg and Charlottesville railroad, and now the united forces moved in the direction of Lynchburg.

But for once the Union commanders had not calculated truly about the force of the enemy to be overcome. From Richmond Lee had sent reënforcements to Lynchburg. These came up on the 17th of June, and a skirmish took place, which was renewed on the day following. Hunter was short of ammunition, and fearing the enemy was now too strong for him, started to withdraw. The Confederates followed to Salem, captured a number of guns, and then Hunter fell back to a position in the mountains. By the South this was claimed as a victory.

It was at Salem that the Twenty-third Ohio had a severe brush with the enemy.

Hunter had passed on ahead with the balance of his command, and when Crook came up, the Confederates fell upon the baggage train and artillery. The shooting lasted nearly half an hour, but strange to say, but few were killed or wounded. The soldiers had marched all day with scarcely anything to eat, and after the skirmish marched to the foot of North Mountain, where they went into camp at ten o'clock that night.

The rumor that a large body of the enemy was close on their heels caused the march to be resumed at four o'clock in the morning. Everybody was tired out and intensely hungry, but no one cared to risk the chance of capture and a term in Libby Prison.

"I'd rather die than go to a Southern prison," declared one old veteran, and his feeling was the feeling of all. On they tramped without a mouthful to eat. Once a wrong road was taken, and the Twenty-third Ohio had a march of eight miles that was useless. The men were ready to drop in their tracks, and all sorts of equipments were cast aside as being too heavy to carry.

The next day was equally disheartening, and so was the next and the next. Even the officers began to wonder when the suffering was to end.

“Hurrah! There’s a supply wagon!” This shout went up when the command reached Big Sewell Mountain. The report was correct, and soon a wagon train came into view, loaded with provisions. What a cheer went up! Breaking ranks, the soldiers rushed for the wagons, and soon everybody was feasting to his heart’s content. To be sure the provisions were only army rations, but never had anything tasted sweeter, and sitting in convenient spots the men ate and ate, as if they would never be satisfied. In nine days they had marched a hundred and eighty miles without a single square meal.

The first week in July was spent by the regiment at Charleston, refitting the worn-out soldiers with necessary equipments. The privations of the past two weeks had caused many men to fall sick, and some of these had to be sent to the hospital or invalided home. Among the number were several friends of Lieutenant McKinley, and

he found parting with them very hard. But a soldier must do his duty, and soon he was on the way with his regiment to join in an attack on the Confederate General Early, who had pushed his way northward through Maryland to Pennsylvania.

The route lay through Martinsburg to Cabletown, where the enemy first appeared and the Confederate pickets were driven in. Then a brigade under General Hayes was sent out to attack Early's entire army of twenty thousand soldiers. Hayes had with him no cavalry and only two sections of an old howitzer battery which was of little or no use, and it was not long before he found himself completely surrounded by General Early's cavalry.

It was truly a trying moment, and for several minutes it looked as if the brigade must either surrender or suffer a tremendous loss, if not complete annihilation. But the courage of the Unionists was equal to the occasion, and guided by their gallant officers, they made a bold rush, and literally cut their way through the cavalry, not, however, without leaving many dead and wounded on the field.

Lieutenant McKinley was now on Colonel, or rather Acting General, Hayes's staff, and after this battle had a great deal of work to do in getting the different companies and regiments together again. A warm friendship had sprung up between the two future Presidents of the United States, a friendship which was to endure until death separated them.

"I could not help but like the boy," was what General Hayes said afterward. "He was such a clean-cut, bright fellow, honest to the core, and always willing to do anything asked of him. Sometimes he fairly seemed to anticipate my wishes, and he always carried them out, no matter what the cost." And on another occasion he added: "The night was never too dark, the weather never too cold, there was no sleet, or storm, or snow, or rain that stood in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of every duty." What a tribute to the character of any soldier boy!

On the 24th of July a battle was fought near Winchester, in which the Unionists were defeated after a contest lasting from nine in the morning until nine at night

In this engagement the Twenty-third Ohio lost one hundred and fifty-three men killed and wounded, including ten commissioned officers.

Immediately after the military movement narrated above came the battle of Kernstown, near Winchester, and here it was that McKinley gained his highest reputation for courage, performing an act which for daring is not outmatched by any performed during our Civil War.

The Union forces were falling back, when they were attacked by a portion of Early's army. Thinking he could hold the enemy in check, General Crook went to the front with his brigades, which included that under General Hayes. For a while the contest waged furiously, but at last Crook saw that the plan was futile, and the soldiers were called upon to retreat. As the different regiments were retiring, General Hayes saw that one body of soldiery — the Thirteenth West Virginia regiment — had not received any orders and was in immediate danger of being surrounded and captured.

“They must be informed that the retreat

has sounded," said General Hayes, and turned to see who could be sent upon that dangerous mission. McKinley was passing, and he halted the young man.

"Lieutenant, do you see yonder regiment?" he asked.

The young officer saluted. "I do, general," he answered.

"Evidently the colonel has not heard the retreat,—does not know that he is alone fighting a force ten times superior to his own. He must be given an order to withdraw. Will you carry that order to him?"

"I will, general."

"It is a dangerous mission."

"I know it, but I will go."

No more was said, and almost as soon as he had spoken McKinley had wheeled around on his bobtailed horse and was dashing down a slight hill and across an open field in the direction of the imperilled regiment, that was fighting desperately, in utter ignorance of its helplessness.

As some of the men saw the young staff officer depart, they gave a faint cheer, but this was hushed when they beheld the grave

look upon General Hayes's face and realized what was passing in their commander's mind.

"He can't get through; some rebel sharpshooter will fetch him," said more than one old veteran. "He's sure to be shot down before he's gone half the distance."

One or two called to McKinley to come back, — in utter defiance of the fact that he carried an order from the general, — for they loved him deeply. But he merely shook his head, and soon he was out of hearing.

"He'll never come back alive," came from one of the captains.

"It's facing certain death," added another.

On and on and still on rode Lieutenant McKinley, over the fields, leaping fences and ditches, rough rocks, and low brushwood. Bullets flew in front and behind him, but he appeared to bear a charmed life. His course lay obliquely toward the enemy, and thousands of Unionists and Confederates saw him make the mad dash. Then a battery was turned in that direction, and the whining shriek of a shell was

heard as it whizzed through the air, to explode in his rear. The shell was followed quickly by another, and then a third, and in a chaos of smoke, flame, and dirt, McKinley was seen to go down, and his horse with him.

CHAPTER IX

OUT OF A DANGEROUS SITUATION—MADE A CAPTAIN
—UP AND DOWN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—AN
ORDER FROM GENERAL CROOK AND HOW MCKINLEY
CARRIED IT OUT

“HE is lost!”

Such was the cry from a score of throats as the young staff officer was hidden for a moment from view, amid the smoke of the exploded shell. Even General Hayes turned away his head and muttered faintly, “I knew he would never go through it.”

But McKinley was not dead, or even seriously harmed, and while yet the smoke lay thick around him he was seen to stagger to his feet. Up came the bobtailed horse with him, limping slightly from a wound in the shoulder, and into the saddle once again leaped the daring rider. On and on, with more bullets whistling about them and another shell exploding high over their heads. There was still a ditch to cross, a rail fence, and a small open field, before he

could gain the shelter of an orchard where the West Virginia regiment continued to blaze away desperately.

It was a ride as wonderful as it was daring. With all those shots aimed at him he was not even touched, outside of a scratch on the hand, received from a rail splinter when a shell struck the fence his steed was leaping. Straight into the orchard dashed horse and rider, and panting for breath McKinley halted before the colonel and saluted.

"Colonel, you are ordered to retreat," he said.

"Retreat?" repeated the higher officer.

"Yes, sir. General Hayes just sent me over. You should have had the word before. You are fighting without support."

There was no time to say more. The Confederates were hemming in the stricken regiment on all sides, and the bullets were flying thickly everywhere. Without delay the retreat was sounded. Many of the under-officers and the men were completely bewildered and knew not what to do.

"This way!" shouted McKinley to a body who were fleeing directly toward the

enemy, and he faced them about and then started the retreat in the proper direction. The Unionists skirted the orchard, followed by the Confederates, and led by the young lieutenant and several of their officers, ran pell-mell to join the brigade from which they had become separated.

As the young lieutenant appeared at the front of that disorganized body of soldiery, a storm of applause went up, and General Hayes was deeply affected. As McKinley rode up to him, he caught the young soldier by the hand.

"McKinley, I never expected to see you in life again," he said. "You did your duty well."

And then came a shout from the men of the lieutenant's old company:—

"Hurrah for Lieutenant McKinley and his bobtailed horse! Hurrah!" And the cheer was taken up on all sides until, blushing painfully, the young staff officer retired from view.

The losses to the Twenty-third Ohio had been great, and there was a vacancy among the captains. But it was filled inside of twenty-four hours by the appointment of

“William McKinley, to be captain of Company G, for gallantry at the battle of Kernstown.”

The soldier boys greeted their new captain warmly. They thought he fully deserved the promotion, and did not hesitate to say so. In fact, in the whole regiment there was no more popular young man than William McKinley. Said one of the veterans:—

“Nobody begrudged him his promotion, and plenty of us thought he ought to be a major or a colonel. Perhaps he was looking for something higher, but if he was, he never said so. But as soon as he took hold of the company, I can tell you there was a sprucing-up all round, for he believed in toeing the mark, and making everybody do likewise.”

After the battle of Kernstown followed a series of marches and countermarches up and down the Shenandoah Valley, near Winchester and beyond. The regiment was engaged at Halltown, and captured a number of prisoners who had been “lying low,” and who were very much surprised when taken into custody. In September

Berryville was reached, and here the Twenty-third was placed on picket duty. Toward dark the Confederates came up and opened a scattering fire, which gradually developed into a regular battle, lasting until after ten o'clock that night. This is one of the few contests fought after dark, and it is said that the flashes of gun and cannon fire, and the bursting of shells, made a more picturesque than deadly display. Few soldiers were hurt, and in the end the Confederates withdrew to the camp they had previously occupied.

As night closed in on the armies, Captain McKinley was directed to go out and take orders to the colonel of a regiment that had missed its proper station. The way was dark and uncertain, and presently the young staff officer found himself off the road and in the midst of a dense growth of underbrush.

"I scarcely knew what to do," he said, in speaking of this afterward. "I walked on a short distance, when a voice out of the darkness called, 'Who goes dar?'" That was a Southern voice, and without reply I stepped back and took another

course. Then came another voice, 'Who comes there?' and I knew I was once more on the right side. I soon reached the regiment I was seeking, and then there was no more trouble." Thus he disposed of an incident which was both exciting and full of peril, for had the Confederate sentinel known he was a Yankee, he would have been shot on the spot.

Following the contest in the dark came two more weeks of marching in the valley, leading up to the battle of Opequan, where McKinley again distinguished himself, although in a manner almost as unique as when he furnished the men on the firing line with hot coffee and meat.

The battle of Opequan was fought under the direct generalship of dashing Phil Sheridan and was one which added greatly to the laurels of that already famous officer. He had followed General Early up and down the Shenandoah Valley until he was at last satisfied that he had the Confederate just where he wanted him. The battle lasted till evening, and the enemy was driven from Opequan creek to Winchester with the loss of hundreds killed and

wounded and several thousands taken prisoners.

At this battle General Crook's command was in reserve, with Hayes's brigade at the extreme right of the infantry. In order to reach the position assigned to them, the Twenty-third Ohio had to cross a swampy cedar brake where some of the soldier boys sank into mud up to their ankles.

Soon began the distant roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, and in less than an hour the battle waxed hot and furious on all sides.

"Forward!" came the cry, and forward went the Ohio boys, through the cedar brake and across several open fields, where they received a scattering fire from some of the enemy hidden in a distant wood. But they pushed on bravely, and at last reached the brow of a slight hill, from which the Confederate infantry could be seen off on the left.

No sooner did the Twenty-third Ohio come into view than the Confederate light artillery opened upon them, making sad gaps in the ranks of all the leading companies. But undaunted by this, the Union-

ists pressed on until they gained a patch of undergrowth, where a slight halt was made.

Beyond the undergrowth was another stretch of swamp land, and here several of the soldiers got so stuck that their companions had to come to their assistance and haul them out. The swamp was worse on its further side, and the whole regiment stopped in the middle, not knowing if it would be safe to go on.

“Forward, men, and you’ll soon be over!” shouted General Hayes, and led the way, his horse scattering the mud in all directions, and the Confederates sending a shower of bullets around him. He kept on and was the first soldier across, and soon the line followed him, cheering and yelling madly.

While these movements were going on, Captain McKinley, who was still acting on the staff, was ordered by General Crook to go to Colonel Duval with an order to move his command quickly to the right of the Sixth Corps.

Riding with all possible speed, the young captain reached the hillside which Colonel Duval occupied, and presently found the

commander, sitting somewhat in perplexity, on horseback.

"Colonel Duval, General Crook orders that you move your command to the right of the Sixth Corps as soon as possible," said the young staff officer, after saluting.

Colonel Duval nodded, to show that he understood what was said.

"By what route?" he asked, after a pause.

"He did not say exactly, but I heard him speak of moving up the ravine," answered McKinley.

At this Colonel Duval shook his head decidedly. Going up the ravine might prove a dangerous move, and might cause the loss of many men.

"I shall not move until I receive more definite orders," he said.

At this Captain McKinley's face fell, for he was an earnest soldier, and he knew that General Crook wanted the movement made without further question. He cast his eyes down into the ravine and across to the fields and woods which the enemy occupied. Then he braced up and saluted again.

“Colonel Duval, I order you, by command of General Crook, to move your command to the right of the Sixth Corps at once, and take a route along the ravine,” he said boldly.

“The command shall be obeyed,” replied Duval, and something like a smile crossed his face. In a minute more the soldiers were on the way.

As Captain McKinley rode back to General Crook’s side, he was no doubt much worried over the result of his order. He had taken a grave responsibility on his shoulders; for if the movement resulted disastrously, he would surely be brought to account. What the result was we shall soon see.

CHAPTER X

CUTTING DOWN THE ARTILLERY HORSES — CEDAR CREEK — AN EARLY MORNING SURPRISE — SHERIDAN'S WONDERFUL RIDE — TURNING DEFEAT INTO VICTORY

SCARCELY had the Ohio soldiers floundered out of the morass when orders came for them to move by the right flank. This meant going into part of the mud again, and some demurred.

"Come, boys, no time to hang back!" cried one of the officers. "Duty is duty. Forward!" And forward they went again. Soon they were close to the enemy, who were driven from the cover of a short patch of timber. As the Confederates came out, the Union cavalry charged on and surrounded them, taking hundreds of prisoners.

So the fighting went on, until the regiment, with marching and countermarching, shooting and charging, were all but exhausted. At the head of the line Gen-

eral Hayes continued to ride, waving his sword and urging the men to renewed courage. The soldiers dropped to his right and his left, but he remained untouched, and so did William McKinley, who was likewise doing his best to bring victory out of what looked at times like defeat.

Presently the Twenty-third found itself in a more exposed position than usual. The Confederates were bringing up their artillery, and it looked as if the regiment might be cut down to a man. Something must be done, but what?

“Lieutenant McBride, you will move forward with the men carrying Saxony rifles,” ordered Hayes. “Cut down the artillery horses—never mind the riders.”

The Saxony rifles were trusty pieces of seventy-one calibre, that could carry twelve hundred yards. On dashed the riflemen, led by the lieutenant mentioned. The fire was concentrated on the horses attached to the first battery, which was rushing along the ridge of the hill. Crack! crack! went the rifles, and down went one horse, followed by another and then another. Instantly there was confusion and

a general mix-up. Then the fire was concentrated on another set of horses, dragging a second piece, and these, too, went down. The confusion increased, and the entire battery was thrown into disorder. The infantry, in the rear, felt the panic and stood in alarm.

“Now is our time! Forward!” shouted General Hayes, and once again the boys in blue went forward on the double-quick, yelling like demons. The Confederates formed to receive them and gave them a most deadly fire, for they, too, could fight as gamely as the best. And why not, since they, too, were Americans, of the same bone and blood as their Northern brothers?

For a few minutes the result of the onslaught remained in doubt. Shot and shell roared and shrieked on all sides, mingled with the constant rattle of musketry, extending in some places for miles. The ground was torn up in some places to a depth of two or three feet, and the moss of the morass flung in all directions, mingled with the lifeblood of those who had fallen, wearing either the blue or the gray. Surely, surely, war is a horrible thing!

But look! what is this? Horsemen are coming, dozens, hundreds of them, riding from beyond the distant smoke-clad hills. It is the Union cavalry! How they dash across the fields and up the hillsides! The crack of the carbines is heard, the spitting of pistols, and then the click-clacking of swords and bayonets. A cheer goes up, which swells to a mighty roar. The day is won! *Won!* Some cannot believe it, but as they see the Confederate line crumbling, their hearts give a bound of mad delight, and on they move with increased courage, driving the enemy from cover to cover and surrounding company after company, until, utterly routed, the Confederates withdraw in the direction of North Mountain.

In this battle the soldiers sent forward under Lieutenant McBride brought in one hundred and two prisoners. The balance of the regiment secured two hundred prisoners. The Confederate battery was captured by the regiment as a whole.

When it was all over, it was found that among the wounded was Colonel Duval, who had been shot shortly after bringing

up his command. But the movement along the ravine had been successful and the command had done brilliant work throughout the contest. It was not until afterward that it leaked out what a responsibility Captain McKinley had taken. At that time neither General Crook nor General Sheridan said anything, for they saw that the young staff officer had tried to do his best, and just then was no time to "stand on ceremony," so to speak. But long afterward Sheridan took McKinley aside and said to him : —

"That order of yours was all right because it turned out all right. But if it had turned out wrong, why then it would have been very wrong." Deep in his heart he admired the young soldier for his quick decision and daring, for he was quick to decide and quick to do himself.

On the day following occurred the battle of North Mountain. Having reached the crest of a rocky hill, the Confederates threw up some hasty intrenchments and planted their batteries with care during the night. But the Unionists were close on their heels, and flushed with victory, charged madly up

the hillside, the whole brigade under Crook acting like one man. The enemy made a short stand, but soon became panic-stricken, thinking the dreaded cavalry was riding to their rear, and fled over the mountain and into the forests beyond. Many dropped their guns and haversacks, and these were afterward picked up by the hundreds.

Following the battle of North Mountain came a much-needed rest, lasting about a month. Occasionally the Twenty-third marched to meet the distant enemy, but only a few small skirmishes resulted. But the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah was almost devastated, so that the Confederates could find little there upon which to support their ragged and half-famished army. They had fought desperately, with all the hot courage for which the South is famous; but the North, with its larger force and its superior resources, was slowly but surely bringing them to a point where they must either give up the struggle or suffer total annihilation.

The mellow days of October were now at hand, and the middle of the month found Sheridan's army located on the north side

of Cedar Creek. The commander himself had been to Washington on business and had not yet returned, although he was on the way.

An attack by Early was hardly expected, and many of the soldiers were out cutting forage when the alarm was sounded. On the previous night, in a dense fog, General Early's command had crossed the mountain and forded one of the forks of the creek. Still under cover of darkness, the main body of his army crept upon the left flank of the Unionists and bore down upon them with the stirring yell for which they were famous. Taken completely by surprise, the boys in blue opened fire, but before they could take a firm stand, the left flank was turned and the batteries captured.

It was not yet five o'clock in the morning when this occurred, and as it grew lighter, it was seen that the Confederates now had the best of the situation, for from their point of vantage they could enfilade nearly our entire army — that is, could send shot and shell through the ranks from the side, instead of from the front. It was a crucial moment, and it looked as if the day

must be lost. Soon musketry rattled and cannon boomed loudly, and in the midst of this some of the Union forces began to retreat.

It was at this time that General Sheridan made his wonderful ride — that ride which has been so beautifully idealized by T. Buchanan Read in his poem, “Sheridan’s Ride,” known to schoolboys and schoolgirls all over our broad land.

Sheridan was at Winchester, about fourteen miles from the battle-ground. He had arrived there the night before, tired out with riding, and had been met by a staff officer with tidings that all was well at Cedar Creek. Thinking it would not be necessary to move on to the camp at such an hour, he retired in Winchester and was soon fast asleep.

The booming of a warning gun early in the morning made him leap up as if electrified. What could that mean? He listened and heard more guns — a regular cannonading. “The battle must be on!” he muttered to himself, and in quick haste donned his clothes, pulled on his spurred cavalry boots, and hurried into the open.

“My horse!” he cried, and as his charger was brought out, he gave a leap into the saddle, and was off like a whirlwind, down the road past houses and farms, and then over hedges, ditches, and fields, straight for Cedar Creek. Those who saw him pass gave him a cheer, but he never paid attention and probably did not hear them. On and on, and still on, he swept, until his noble horse was covered with foam and breathing clouds of steam. The steed seemed to know what was wanted of him, for he was a war charger, and his eyes glared wildly, as if in defiance of anything which might rise to bar his progress. The cannonading continued, and now he could hear the rattle of musketry and see the distant soldiers, some moving in one direction and some in another. Then he came out into a road and found himself face to face with a handful of the men who had fought under him so often.

“It’s Sheridan!” cried some, and then one added: “General, the day is lost. The rebels surprised us before daylight and are down on us fifty thousand strong.”

“The day isn’t lost yet,” was the answer.

“Face about and follow me!” And on he swept, quickly out of their sight around another bend. He was now so close he could make out the soldiers distinctly. Alas! the blue was slowly retreating and the gray was pushing forward with renewed vigor. He paused for a moment, trying to devise some line of action, and as he did so, he saw a mass of Union soldiers rushing pell-mell toward him, and in front a young officer on horseback trying vainly to stop them and form them in military order. The young officer was Captain McKinley.

“What does this mean, McKinley?” he demanded.

“We have been surprised, general. Early crossed the north fork of the creek some time last night, and has captured our batteries over there. The boys are panic-stricken.”

“Where is General Crook?”

“I left him on yonder rise,” and the young captain pointed in the direction.

“Come with me, boys!” shouted Sheridan, and threw his overcoat to McKinley. “We are going to have a good thing on them now!” And on he went again. For

a moment the soldiers were dazed, then as McKinley spoke to them, they turned and followed back to the scene of battle, inspired by the words Sheridan had uttered.

On the great battlefield all was confusion. Staff officers and aides were rushing in all directions. The Confederates were pouring in their hottest fire, and it looked as if nothing could withstand that terrible discharge of iron hail. General Hayes lay on the ground in a retired nook, suffering from a bad tumble from his horse. Crook was not far away, doing his best to make the panic-stricken soldiers hold their own.

And then from out of a whirl of dust on the Winchester Turnpike came Sheridan, his steed trembling in every limb as if ready to drop from exhaustion. A roar went up and down the long line. "Sheridan has come! Sheridan has come! He'll tell us what to do!"

In a second more Sheridan was at Crook's side, and a few words were spoken in an undertone. Staff officers came dashing up and were sent off with important messages. Then of a sudden Sheridan leaped into the

saddle again, and rode along the halting and wondering line.

“We are going to have a good thing on them now, boys!” he shouted. “Come, follow me! Turn around! We are going back! We are going to sleep in our quarters to-night! Come on!”

The magic of that voice and that dashing, daring figure was wonderful. Old veterans threw up their caps and yelled themselves hoarse. Those in retreat turned and were the first to press upon the gallant leader’s heels. The lines were re-formed, and when the Confederates made their next charge, company after company met it bravely, standing like rocks. Then other troops came up from the left and the right, and the cavalry burst from the woods. “The Yankees have been reënforced — Sheridan had brought on more regiments!” was the false news circulated on the other side, and then the Confederates began to halt in dismay.

This great change on the battlefield occurred about one o’clock, after almost eight hours of continual fighting. Driven back, the Confederates took another stand, but at

three o'clock Sheridan attacked with greater vigor than ever, and soon the enemy was flying in several directions, leaving cannon and small arms behind.

During the next two days the Confederates were pursued for fourteen miles in the direction of Mount Jackson and then through various mountain roads. Only a portion of the flying soldiers escaped, the others being either shot down or taken prisoners. About fifty pieces of artillery were taken, and also three hundred supply wagons and ambulances. Early was much chagrined over the outcome of this contest, and did not hesitate to tell his troops so, accusing some of his officers of neglecting their duty in order to obtain plunder when first the Union troops were surprised at daybreak.

CHAPTER XI

McKINLEY APPOINTED A MAJOR — CLOSING SCENES OF
THE WAR — RETURN TO POLAND — A MOTHER'S
PROTEST — FAREWELL TO MILITARY LIFE

WITH the defeat of General Early the campaign in that section of the Shenandoah Valley came practically to an end. The Twenty-third Ohio was moved from one place to another until on the first of January, 1865, it embarked for Cumberland. On that day Colonel Hayes was appointed a brigadier-general, the commission dating back to October 19, 1864.

“We’ll have no more war and no more hardships,” said some of the privates, but they were mistaken regarding the hardships. In two weeks they were moved to Grafton, to protect the railroad tracks in that vicinity. It was bitterly cold, and to add to the men’s discomfort no tents were to be had and very little in the way of rations.

The protection of the railroad was recalled by one veteran, who told the following story:—

“It was bitterly cold when our crowd got down there. We were in something of a hollow, and when it rained the water formed little pools around the tents and froze over in no time. We had a small tent, and six of us used to crowd in it and we were better off than some others who didn't have any tents at all.

“Rations were scarce for two days, and when the supply train came in, how we did crowd around to get what was coming to us! I had been helping the commissary sergeant, and the boys used to growl at me morning, noon, and night because I couldn't get them what they wanted to eat. I couldn't exactly blame them, but it was rather rough on me, for I didn't have any more than they did.

“Captain McKinley wasn't with us all the time,—he had some staff duty to perform,—but one night when the boys were on picket duty he came down and told four of the fellows to keep a sharp eye on a certain barn not far away. We wondered

what was up, but he didn't say, and we kept the barn in sight night and day.

"Nothing happened that night nor the next, but the night following it was kind of foggy, and in the fog one of the pickets saw three rebels sneaking along back of the barn and making for the railroad bridge at a point where there was a trestle over a little creek. The fellows were carrying something between them that looked like a milk can.

"The picket didn't give the alarm at once, but called some of the other boys, and together they sneaked after the rebels. The Johnnies were making for a handcar, and just as they got to it, our fellows called on them to halt. They didn't stop, but ran for dear life, and we opened fire — I came up after the first volley. One of the rebels was hit, for he gave a yell of pain, but he kept on, and soon the darkness swallowed them up, so they got away.

"The can the rebels had been carrying was overturned on the handcar, and when we got there we found that it had been filled with turpentine. On the handcar was a bag of cotton. The rebels had probably

intended to saturate the cotton and set fire to it, and then send the handcar down the railroad grade, letting it fetch up wherever it might. If they had carried out their plan, there would have been cotton and turpentine blazing away on that track for two or three miles.

“I often wondered how Captain McKinley got the information that led him to give orders that we watch the barn, but I was never able to find out. But I think he was doing some scouting work on the quiet, with the hope of receiving a promotion.”

The promotion came, by recommendation of General Sheridan, who had not forgotten the meeting with the young staff officer on the road from Winchester. He was made a major by brevet of Volunteers “for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher’s Hill.” The commission was signed by Abraham Lincoln, the President for whom he had cast his first vote in the preceding November. It was a document of which the newly appointed major was very proud, and justly so.

After picket duty at Grafton the regiment repaired to Cumberland, where it went into winter camp. There was now little to do but drill and "police" camp, and anxious though Major McKinley was to get again into active service, it was impossible to do so.

In April came the news of Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox. The telegraph sent the tidings in every direction, and while the South mourned deeply, the North went nearly mad with joy. Church bells rang, whistles blew, cannon boomed, and at night huge bonfires were lit and mass meetings were held everywhere. When mothers and sisters heard that husbands and brothers would have to fight no more, they fell on their knees and wept tears of joy. On every lip were heard the words, "Thank God! the war is over!"

And over it was, although some little fighting still occurred in one direction or another, and a few Southern leaders tried their best to revive that which was to rise no more. Henceforth the country was to be one, as Washington and the patriots of

1776 had intended — there should be no North, no South, no East, no West, only One Country — *Our Country*, the United States of America. And the great bitterness occasioned by that war which had just passed was to be swept away to its last drop by that young soldier who had done his duty so faithfully, — William McKinley.

It was not until July 26, that the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers was mustered out. The regiment was only the ghost of its former self, and the battle flag was sadly torn and scarred. But even in that condition it went to Washington, there to pass in the Grand Review before President Lincoln. That was the day of all days, and no young soldier was more proud than was Major McKinley, as he passed the President's stand on his faithful bobtailed steed.

This was the end of William McKinley's military career. Before, however, we pass on to other scenes, let us look for a moment at his achievements while fighting for Old Glory. He went into the army a mere boy of eighteen, knowing absolutely nothing of the service. He took part in some thirty engagements and served as commissary

sergeant, second and first lieutenants, captain, staff officer, and finally as major. He had but one furlough, and was never absent from duty on account of sickness.

In his recommendation of McKinley, General Crook wrote: "I have the honor to earnestly recommend Captain William McKinley, Twenty-third Ohio Infantry, for appointment to a higher grade than his present rank for bravery, gallantry, soldierly conduct, and distinguished services during the campaigns of West Virginia and Shenandoah valley." And when General Sheridan forwarded the recommendation, he indorsed it as follows: "Respectfully forwarded to the adjutant-general of the army approved. The appointment recommended is well deserved." The recommendation then went to General Grant, who likewise approved it, and then it went to the President, with the result that McKinley left the army a major at the age of twenty-two.

From Cumberland the Twenty-third Ohio took the cars to Camp Taylor, near Cleveland. Here a most important affair took place, being nothing less than the final pay- .

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that some of the weeks were pretty short, too," he added thoughtfully.

The young major's friends in Poland were proud of his success, and all crowded around to shake his hand, and congratulate him. He was the centre of a vast circle of admirers; and although he was shy about doing so, he was forced to tell of his military service, and of the exciting scenes through which he had passed. When a grand dinner was given, he was at the head of the table, and there he made the first after-dinner speech of his life, although what he said has not been recorded.

"Of course, you are going to remain in the army," said several.

"I have an offer to do so," answered the major. "But I wish to think it over before I decide."

"You must remain, major," cried one of the crowd. "The country can't afford to let you go."

"I hope my country can afford it," was the sober answer. "I do not wish to see another war as long as I live." What fateful words, when we come to realize what was to follow.

When McKinley spoke at home of remaining in the army, his parents and his sisters at once protested. He had been a soldier long enough, they said, and he had better turn to something else. He thought the matter over for several weeks, and then went to his mother.

"So you think I had better give up the army?" he began.

"Yes, William, I do. The war is over, and you can do better, I am sure."

"All right, then, mother, I'll give it up."

"And what do you think of doing?"

"I'm going in for law — if I can get the opening," he made answer.

CHAPTER XII

BACK TO ORDINARY LIFE — MCKINLEY BECOMES A LAW STUDENT — AT ALBANY LAW SCHOOL — ADMISSION TO THE BAR — THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE

IT is not easy for any one to turn from four years of strife on the battlefield to the humdrum pursuits of ordinary life. Many a veteran has found it almost impossible to do so. The desire to be "up and doing," to listen once again to the rattle of musketry and make another charge amid shot and shell, is a strong one.

But William McKinley was equal to the occasion, and having decided to study law, he buckled down to it without delay, for he was a firm believer in the maxim: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

Canton, the county seat of Stark County, was at that time a town of about five thousand inhabitants. It is located about forty miles west of Poland. Having a rich farming and mining community to draw from,

it was, even at that date, a place of considerable importance.

Judge Charles E. Glidden, of Mahoning County, who had an office at Youngstown, practised both there and at Canton, and was fairly well known to McKinley, who, as a boy, had often heard the judge argue a case in court. Without delay the young soldier applied to the judge for an opportunity to study law.

"So you are going to give up the army," said the judge. "Why, I heard that you were expecting a commission as captain of the Regulars."

"I think I can get a commission in the regular army if I want it," answered McKinley. "But I have come to the conclusion that I have had enough of army life."

"Don't you know the woods are full of lawyers?"

"Good ones?" queried the youthful major.

"Well, no, not good ones," replied the judge, who was a pleasant man with whom to deal. "Good ones are rather scarce."

"Then, perhaps, if I become a good

lawyer, I'll stand a chance of earning my bread and butter, judge."

At this there was a laugh, which broke the ice, and a long talk followed, the upshot of which was that McKinley became a law student in Judge Glidden's office at Youngstown, and went to studying Blackstone with all the vigor of which he was capable.

In more ways than one this method of settling down to solid work was heroic. His real friends admired him, but there were others who had pretended to think much of him, who now passed him by without notice.

"Oh, he doesn't amount to as much as I thought," said one. "He's only a poor law student, and the chances are he won't earn his salt."

"Guess he'd better drop his title of major," said another. "If he don't, folks will be laughing at him."

So the talk ran on, but William McKinley paid no attention. He was at his task early and late and made rapid progress. The story is told that once Judge Glidden came into the office at midnight and found

him sitting at a desk piled high with books and his head bound up in a wet towel.

"Don't you ever expect to go home and go to bed, young man?" questioned the lawyer.

"Yes, sir, after I have mastered this insurance case."

"Do you expect to master it before morning?"

"I'm going to try," was the quiet answer.

The judge looked at the papers and books in front of his student, and his brow began to knit. Gradually he became as absorbed as was McKinley. Together they read on for fully half an hour. Then the judge placed his finger on a certain passage in the written pages.

"What do you think of that?" he questioned severely.

"I can't make it out. It doesn't seem right," said McKinley.

"And it is not right," thundered the judge. "That decision will never stand." And taking up the papers he tore them in two. Two years after, the decision was reversed by a higher court.

In those days, the good times so soon to follow were not yet at hand, and the McKinley family had its own struggles to make both ends meet, although they were not as poor as many around them. But as William McKinley saw how hard his parents and his brothers and sisters worked, and realized that he was bringing no money home, his conscience smote him.

"Perhaps I had better give up law and go to work," he said to his sister Annie.

"No, no, Will, I won't hear of it," she replied. "Now you have started, you must finish."

"But if I want to pass, I've got to go to the law school, and that will take a good deal of money."

"I know it."

"I haven't a dollar. What I got out of the army I gave to mother."

"Yes, and she has some of it saved still, and I have some, too, that I have saved from my salary," answered his sister, who was still teaching school. "You shall use every cent of that, if it is needed."

"But it doesn't seem right," insisted the young law student.

"It is right, Will. And I know that some day you'll be able to repay the money with interest," added the teacher.

Again there was a long family conference, and mother and sister stood firm that William should finish his education and become a lawyer.

"All right then, I'll pitch in and go to the Albany Law School without delay," answered the young student, and to Albany he went, there to study harder than ever. Of his time at this school one of the pupils of that day has said:—

"He was a quiet fellow and you couldn't get much out of him. It was a plain case of dig, dig, dig all the time, as if he hadn't any time for anything else. While he was there, we held a class gathering and had a debate. I think it was on the future of the negro, or something like that. Anyway, I remember McKinley spoke, standing up in front of us, with one hand in his pocket, as he has often stood since. At first he seemed to be a little nervous, especially as some of the students poked fun at him, but gradually he became so much in earnest that all the fun-making stopped, and we got inter-

ested in spite of ourselves. When he finished, the handclapping was tremendous. This made him red in the face, and he took a seat in a corner, and didn't have another word to say all that evening."

His course at the Albany Law School over, McKinley took his way to Warren, Ohio, there to be admitted to the bar. This is a trying ordeal to all would-be lawyers, but he passed without trouble, and received his sheepskin, as it is termed, with a great number of classmates. Then he went home.

"Did you pass, William?" asked Mrs. McKinley.

"I did, mother," he answered.

"And now you are an out-and-out lawyer?"

"Yes — but I haven't any clients yet. I've got to wait for folks to get into trouble before they can help me earn a living."

"Well, folks will get into trouble quick enough, don't you fear," answered the mother. "But, William, I want you to promise me one thing. Don't ever take a law case that isn't clean."

"I'll promise that."

"And don't ever take a case unless you are sure your client is in the right," went on Nancy McKinley.

"I'll promise that, too," he returned. And William McKinley kept those promises. In after life he was often tempted to take hold of what are known as "shady" cases, and was offered big retainers for so doing, but he invariably declined. If he did not conscientiously believe that his would-be customer was in the right, he refused to serve him. Would that all other young lawyers might follow his example.

He was now a full-fledged lawyer, with practically the whole state of Ohio before him. Where to settle down he hardly knew. Poland seemed to offer no inducement, and Youngstown was already full of lawyers. One of his sisters was teaching school at Canton, and to this town he journeyed.

"I think I can do as well here as anywhere," he said to her. "And it will be nice if we are together."

His means being small, he could not fit up an elaborate office, and so hired a small room in the rear of a building on one of the main streets, a building since torn down

to make room for the new Stark County court-house. He purchased a desk, chair, table, and a bookcase for his law volumes, and then had his sign painted and hung out close to the door.

At first there was little to do, and it looked as if the young lawyer would starve before he could earn enough with which to support himself. But he kept a stout heart and a smiling face, and this won him the friendship of several other lawyers, who began to throw odds and ends of work in his way — copying law papers, making researches, and the like. These jobs were often tedious and the pay was small, but McKinley did not complain, but performed every task promptly and to the best of his ability.

At length his pluck won the admiration of Judge Belden, then a well-known lawyer of Stark County. The judge had his offices in the same building with McKinley, and he determined one day to throw a case into the young lawyer's hands and see how he made out with it. Walking into the little back room, he found McKinley finishing up some copying.

"McKinley, shall you be busy to-day?" he asked.

"No, judge, I am just finishing up the last of the work on hand," was the answer.

"Then I have a case coming off to-morrow that I wish you would take hold of for me. I am not feeling well, and besides, I must leave town. Will you do it?"

"What is the case?"

"It's a replevin case of appeal. Here are the papers. You can look them over. I know you'll do your best."

The young lawyer took the papers and glanced over them hurriedly, while the judge stood by. It did not take McKinley long to see that the matter was a difficult one to argue, and that success was by no means certain.

"Judge Belden, I — I am not prepared for this," he stammered.

"I know you are not — but you will be when the case comes off to-morrow. No, don't say you can't do it, for I know you can. Here are a few more documents relating to the case." And dumping the papers on the desk on top of those McKin-

ley had just examined, the judge left the office.

For one minute the young lawyer felt like calling the judge back and telling him that he could not go ahead — that he was sure he should make a mess of it. Then he shut his teeth hard.

“I’ll do my best,” he murmured. “And I’ll win it if it can be done.”

CHAPTER XIII

A FIRST CASE AND ITS RESULT—THE MISERLY SOLDIER AND THE TRICK HE PLAYED—HOW MCKINLEY SQUARED THE ACCOUNT—THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED LEG

FOR the rest of that day William McKinley locked himself in his "den," thus to deny himself to all possible callers. He read the documents intrusted to him carefully, and then began to study all the details of the case, until he had them at his fingers' ends. Then he took down his volumes on law and went deeper and deeper into the matter. Night came on, and he lit his lamp and continued to study. All the other lawyers in the big building went home and the place became as quiet as a graveyard.

It was two o'clock before he threw down the pen with which he had been making notes on his line of argument. The case was now clear to him, and he was ready, nay eager, to present it to the court. Utterly

tired out, he lay down and took a much-needed sleep.

Ten o'clock of the next day found him in court. When the case was called, many were surprised to see him come forward, for they had expected to see Judge Belden appear.

"Humph! McKinley can't handle such a case as that," said one. "He will lose it, sure." Others said nothing, but shook their heads.

Presently the case was called, and the young lawyer arose and presented his argument. It was so clear and forceful that everybody was surprised. At a glance the case had appeared very much mixed up, now McKinley straightened out every difficulty, and showed plainly that his client was in the right and ought to have a decision in his favor. Then the papers were submitted, and all waited for the result.

It was not long in coming. The decision was in McKinley's favor, and the wording of the paper showed that the judge sitting in the case fully agreed with the young lawyer in every point he had raised.

It was a great triumph, and McKinley

went back to his office in a happy frame of mind. Not long after that Judge Belden came in, smiling broadly.

"They tell me you won it, after all," he said.

"We won, yes, sir," was the answer, modestly delivered.

"Nonsense, McKinley, it was you won it and nobody else," cried the older lawyer. "Do you know what I thought when I left you? I thought, sir, that it was next to a hopeless case, — that it had gotten into a snarl that couldn't be straightened out. Here is your fee."

The judge handed out twenty-five dollars — more cash than the young lawyer had seen in several weeks. McKinley hesitated about accepting it.

"You are sure my services are worth that much?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir, they were worth every cent of it. Take it, and if I need outside help again, you can rest assured that I shall come to you first."

This important case broke the ice, and soon McKinley began to pick up a fair practice. Among the first to patronize

him were several old soldiers. For some of these comrades of the battlefield the young lawyer worked for next to nothing, just to help them along. Hearing of this, another soldier who was very well-to-do but also very miserly, came to McKinley for advice.

"I own a little house out in the country," he said. "There is a matter of eighty dollars due me for rent. I can't afford to spend much on going to law. How can I get my money?"

"Is the man who is indebted to you worth anything?" asked McKinley.

"Oh, yes, he is worth a good deal."

"Then I'll get the money for you."

"But it will cost a good deal," whined the miser. "Can't you get it for me without going to law?"

"I will try it."

So the young lawyer wrote a stiff letter to the man in the country, stating that he must pay at once or he would be sued. A short correspondence ensued, and presently the man paid up in full. When the miserly old soldier came to get the amount he said he hoped the lawyer wouldn't charge him

much for the collection, for he needed the rent money to live on.

"If that's the case, you need only pay me my expenses," answered McKinley, and footed them up, a total of less than a dollar. The miserly soldier expressed himself as being very thankful and went away chuckling, no doubt, in his sleeve over the way he had outwitted McKinley.

But the incident was not yet finished. Shortly after that time the young lawyer, in looking up some mortgage records, discovered that the old soldier owned considerable property and also several first-class mortgages. It chagrined him greatly to think how he had been deceived, but he kept the matter to himself.

One day the old soldier got into a legal difficulty over one of the mortgages he held. He wanted McKinley's aid, but hated to go to the young lawyer about it, thinking his seeming poverty would be exposed as a sham. However, at last he went to the young lawyer and stated the case.

"I know you can win this case," said he. "And I suppose you'll do it very reasonably for me."

"I will look the case over first and see what it's about," was the brief reply.

The young lawyer did look the case over, and the next day offered his services to the opposite side, should the case be brought to court. At this the miserly old soldier was furious.

"You deceived me!" he cried. "You said you would take the case for me."

"Not at all. I said I would look the case over," answered McKinley.

"I will get another lawyer, who is much smarter than you," roared the unreasonable man.

"You can do as you please about that," was the calm answer, "only be sure and pay the other lawyer a fair fee."

The old soldier did get another lawyer, a man with whom McKinley happened to be well acquainted. Just before the trial the two lawyers met and passed a few words about the case.

"Whether you win or lose, be sure to make your client pay you fairly for your services," cautioned McKinley, and then told of what had before occurred. The other listened attentively to the story, and

thanked his legal rival for the information.

The miserly old soldier had really a poor case, and McKinley won the suit with little trouble, much to the satisfaction of the man who had engaged him. Shortly after that he met the counsel for the losing party.

"I am glad that you told me what manner of man my client was," said the other lawyer. "As soon as I saw how poor his case really was, and heard how he had treated you, I made him pay me a retainer almost equal to my whole bill for services. He was furious when the case was lost, and he wanted me to pay back the money. He called me a swindler, and I couldn't shut him up until I threatened to sue him for blackmail. Then he sneaked off scared to death. I want nothing more to do with such a man."

"Nor do I," answered McKinley.

As the days slipped by, Judge Belden kept his eyes on the young lawyer, and presently placed another case in his hands. Again the rising young advocate did his best, and won the suit.

"You are just the young man I am look-

ing for," said the judge. "How would you like to go into partnership with me?"

"I'd like that very well — if I am equal to it," was the quick answer, and shortly after that a partnership was formed which continued until the able judge's death.

The forming of this partnership increased McKinley's income, but it likewise increased his work, until it was said that he was one of the busiest lawyers in Stark County. He was conscientious to the last degree, and had the fullest confidence of all who placed their cases in his hands. Said one merchant of him : —

"During his law career McKinley and his partner took up three cases for our firm. They won two and lost the other. At first we were angry at losing that last case, but looking back, I am satisfied that McKinley did all that any lawyer could do, and more than many would do. A similar case was tried in Philadelphia by the leading lawyers of that city and fell through just as ours did."

As a general thing law cases make rather dry reading, but there was one case which McKinley tried which was full of humor.

A doctor was sued for malpractice, his patient claiming that the physician had set his broken leg in such a fashion that the limb was bow-legged to the point of positive deformity.

The doctor was well known, and when the case came to trial, the court-room was crowded. The plaintiff's lawyer made a long argument, stating that previous to the time when his client had injured his limb the leg had been perfectly straight, and that it would now be straight if it had been properly set, but that the doctor had performed an operation which had done more harm than good, and left the man in such a condition that he was the laughing-stock of the whole community. Heavy damages were demanded, and the jury could not do anything but give the poor, suffering plaintiff his just due.

"I will now have my client show the twisted limb," continued the lawyer, and had the man roll up his trouser leg. "There, did you ever see anything more frightful? It is an outrage, positively an outrage!" he cried loudly. "If my client had been rich, this would never have hap-

pened, but as he was poor, he was treated worse than a dog in this matter. Gentlemen of the jury, he asks for justice at your hands, and I know you will not deny it to him."

Judge and jury looked at the twisted limb, and saw that it was certainly in a frightfully bowed shape. Then the jurymen looked at each other. Plainly it was a clear case, and the doctor must suffer for it.

But before coming to the trial McKinley had made several inquiries about the plaintiff, and now when the man was on the stand he looked him over with great care. When it came his turn to speak, he turned to the judge.

"May it please your honor, I would like to have the plaintiff bare his other leg," he said.

"No! no!" cried the opposing lawyer. "I object."

At this the judge looked up in curiosity.

"Upon what grounds?" he asked.

"Upon the grounds that the other leg is not in the case. We are suing for damages on the leg that was twisted out of shape by the doctor."

"I cannot allow the objection," said the judge, who perhaps began to see the point. "The plaintiff will show the other limb, as the defendant demands."

The man tried to demur, and wanted to leave the witness chair. But the judge was stern, and in the end the other limb was exposed to view, — and was found to be even more bowed than that which had been set!

A long and loud laugh went up, which the judge found himself unable to suppress; indeed, he himself laughed behind his handkerchief. But he pounded for silence, and when it was restored, McKinley spoke: —

"Your honor, I move this case against my client be dismissed," he said gravely. "And I would suggest," he went on slowly and pointedly, "that the dismissal be accompanied by a recommendation to the plaintiff to have his other leg broken and set by our worthy doctor, who has already done so much to improve on nature."

At this another laugh went up, lasting longer than the other. The case was dismissed, and the bow-legged man left the court-room never to reappear.

CHAPTER XIV

TAKING A CASE ON THE JUMP—TALKING AGAINST
TIME—THE LOST DOCUMENTS—A HIGH SENSE
OF HONOR—RUNNING FOR HIS FIRST OFFICE

No longer could McKinley be said to be unknown. His practice was extending in all directions, and the winning of several important cases gained him a reputation which was rapidly spreading beyond the confines of Canton and of Stark County.

“He will make his mark yet,” said more than one shrewd old lawyer. But what a high and glorious mark few of them lived to witness.

He still kept up his studies, and all of his spare time was spent in reading. Rarely did he go on a railroad journey that he did not have a history or a law book with him.

He was generally slow to make up his mind, but once he had reached a conclusion nothing could change him. Yet that he could also act quickly when the occasion

demanded it, the following anecdote will prove : —

One day he was just preparing to go to dinner, when a telegram was handed to him from a lawyer in Youngstown. The telegram read : —

“Cannot possibly get to Canton to-day. Have case there at two o'clock. Have it postponed if you can, or do your best.”

McKinley read the telegram and then looked at his watch. It was just quarter past twelve. There was exactly an hour and three-quarters in which to learn what the case was about and get up his argument for a postponement. He did not then dream of going further with the case.

At five minutes of two he was in the court-room, and when the case was called he promptly moved an adjournment and stated his reasons.

“I object to an adjournment,” said the opposing counsel, who thought he saw his way clear to getting a judgment. “This case has been adjourned twice already. We are all prepared to go ahead, and the defendant should be, likewise.”

There was an earnest argument, and at last the judge said the case must go on, regardless of the absence of the lawyer in Youngstown.

“Very well, then, we’ll go on,” said McKinley, and pitched into the case with all the earnestness at his command. The other side had hoped to obtain a verdict in two or three hours, but McKinley argued at such a length, and asked the witnesses so many questions, that the judge had to adjourn the case to the next day. Then the young lawyer rushed off to the telegraph office and sent this message to the lawyer in Youngstown:—

“No adjournment allowed. Am keeping the witnesses at it. Will you be on hand to-morrow?”

Having sent this message, he went back to his office to study up the real details of the case. He waited, expecting an answer, but none came until the following morning.

“Cannot possibly come. Do your best. You have had a night to think it over.”

The lawyer who sent that message knew McKinley thoroughly. The rising young advocate had had a night to think about it, and the case was now as clear to him as it probably was to the man he represented. Promptly on the minute he was on hand to continue the argument. In the corridor of the court-house he met the opposing counsel.

"Say, how long are you going to keep us at it to-day?" asked the lawyer.

"Not a minute longer than is necessary," was McKinley's prompt answer.

Soon the judge arrived, and the case was continued. The opposing counsel expected McKinley to be as long-winded as before, and was taken by surprise when the young lawyer wound up some time before dinner. In that short time he had brought together all the various threads of the case, and he wound them into a conclusion which could not be disputed. Decision was reserved, and everybody left the court-room wondering what the outcome would be.

The next day the lawyer from Youngstown came to Canton and rushed into McKinley's office.

"I am glad you went ahead," he said.

"I was afraid I was going to have a whole lot of trouble over that case."

"I did the best I could," answered the young lawyer. "I hadn't much time." Then he told of what had been accomplished. The other lawyer approved and praised him for the work. A few days later the judge rendered his decision, and it was in McKinley's favor. His fee was of good size, and his good work at such short notice added greatly to his laurels as a rising lawyer.

On one occasion the young advocate showed his sterling honesty in a way that brought to him the praise of one of his bitterest legal opponents.

It was a case of one large manufacturer against another, and the amount involved was several thousand dollars. The case was set for a Tuesday, and McKinley was all ready to go on, when he heard that the other side wanted a delay.

"We can't delay unless there is a good reason for it," said McKinley, and then learned that a clerk hired by the opposite counsel had lost several important documents.

That afternoon McKinley visited a law library close by to obtain a certain rare book. While looking over the shelves he found the very documents the other lawyer had lost, dropped in a dusty and dimly lit corner.

The temptation to keep these documents, or at least to read them, must have been strong. But without hesitation McKinley called an attendant to him.

"Here are some papers belonging to Mr. Blank," he said. "I found them in yonder dark corner. You had better have them delivered to him at once."

"I will, sir," answered the attendant. "Mr. Blank is in the next room."

The attendant went off, and in a few seconds the other lawyer came rushing up to McKinley.

"Where did you say you found these documents?" he demanded.

"Right over there," and McKinley pointed to the corner.

"Your clerk was over there a few days ago, Mr. Blank," said the attendant. "He had a large package of documents at the time."

“ Oh ! ” Mr. Blank paused for a moment, then held out his hand to McKinley. “ I am very much obliged to you,” he said. “ I owe you one for that.”

“ You are welcome, I am sure,” was the quiet answer.

When the case came up, the opposing lawyer was afraid McKinley had read the documents, but soon the drift of affairs showed that the young lawyer had not done so, and his admiration of the honest young advocate increased. McKinley lost the case, and immediately put in a notice of appeal.

“ He might have won if he had read those documents,” said the other lawyer to a close friend.

“ Well, wait till the case is reopened,” was the answer. The lawyer did wait, and on the appeal McKinley won. But even with this, the two after that were warm friends, for the other lawyer knew that, though McKinley might be sharp in his practice, he was thoroughly honest and above board.

In those days in the middle west, nearly every lawyer took a strong interest in poli-

ties. As we know, McKinley had cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln. When election time came round, he was asked to speak for the Republican party, and he made many addresses in Canton, in Youngstown, in Poland, and elsewhere. The time spent in debating when a boy now stood him in good stead, and he became a fluent and convincing speech-maker. His arguments always went straight to the point, and although some people did not agree with him, they could not help but be impressed by his earnestness.

When the time came for electing a new prosecuting attorney of Stark County, the nomination on the Republican side almost went a-begging. This was because the county was considered strongly Democratic, and the Republicans felt that any man they put up would be almost certain of defeat.

"Let us put up Major McKinley," said somebody. "He's pretty popular all round."

"No, it isn't fair," said another. "He'd be like a ninepin that is set up merely to be bowled over."

"I don't know about that," returned the

first speaker. "He has some good friends even among the Democrats. They know him to be a first-class lawyer and straight as a string."

But a number demurred, for they hated to see such a rising and ambitious lawyer "led to the slaughter," as they expressed it. At last it was decided to put the question to McKinley himself.

"Yes, I will take the nomination, but on one condition," said the young advocate. "You must all promise me your earnest and not your half-hearted support. Give me what help you can, and I'll take care of the rest."

"We'll do that willingly," said one of the committee.

Accordingly, when the county convention was held, William McKinley's name came up for the office of prosecuting attorney, and he was placed on the ticket by almost unanimous consent.

Hearing of this, the Democrats also put a strong man in the field. At once the contest waxed warm, and many public meetings were held in various parts of the county. McKinley spoke here, there, and

all around, and kept it up until the night before election. Then he went home to await results.

It was the first time he was up for public office. Would he win or lose?

CHAPTER XV

MCKINLEY AS PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—HIS FIRST
AND ONLY LOVE—MRS. MCKINLEY AND THEIR
TWO LITTLE CHILDREN—THE HOME IN CANTON

CONSIDERING what was to come to him in after years, the office of prosecuting attorney was a small one to William McKinley, but in those days it appeared highly important, and he anxiously awaited the returns on election day night. His political career had started. Would it come to an inglorious finish before the first goal was reached?

Slowly the returns came in, showing that his opponent was ahead. Then came in other reports more encouraging, and at last came the final and deciding votes.

“Hurrah, McKinley, you are elected!” shouted a friend, rushing up and wringing his hand.

“Don’t be too sure,” was the cautious answer. “Are all the districts accounted for?”

"All but two."

"The two are coming in now," came from another supporter. He read off the figures. "You are safe. You have a margin of at least a hundred and fifty votes."

The news that McKinley was elected was true, and soon a host of friends surrounded him. He had run ahead of his ticket, and of this he was rightly proud. He was called on to make a speech and did so. Among other things he said:—

"I shall not forget that in this election I have been supported by many Democrats. I shall try to administer the office of prosecuting attorney with justice to all."

And administer it with justice to all he did, as the records of the county show. Never was there a fairer prosecuting attorney than William McKinley. Every criminal prosecuted by him received what the law intended he should have, no less and no more.

The young prosecuting attorney had been elected for two years, and these years were filled with work from one week's end to the other. Many criminal cases came up, including that of a number of young fellows

accused of stealing ironware from some factories. The young fellows, who were little more than boys, were four in number, and their parents begged hard that they be allowed to go.

"I will have a talk with them," said McKinley, and went to each separately, delivering a lecture that none of the young men ever forgot, telling them of the wickedness of stealing, and of how such a course could lead but to one place, the state's prison. Then he told of how their mothers had passed sleepless nights thinking over what was to become of them. At this one of the young men burst out crying, and catching McKinley's arm begged to be let go, promising that he would surely turn over a new leaf. The others promised the same, and in the end the indictment against the young men was pigeon-holed, and they were released. They did turn over a new leaf, and in after life blessed McKinley for his kindness toward them.

Although the young prosecuting attorney attended successfully to the duties of his position, his thoughts were not altogether on his work. Years before, while paying

a visit to the sister who was teaching school at Canton, he had met a schoolgirl named Ida Saxton, the daughter of James A. Saxton, a rich banker of the town. The two had become friends, and when the young lawyer started to carve his way to fortune, this friendship continued until the two were quite intimate.

Miss Saxton had been educated at a seminary in Media, Pennsylvania, and after this she went to Europe for a number of months. But a correspondence was kept up between the pair, so it is said, and when she returned, McKinley was often seen escorting her to church or Sunday School. At that time she taught in a Presbyterian Sunday School, while he was connected with a Methodist Sunday School.

On returning from abroad, Miss Saxton had entered her father's banking house as cashier, for her parents believed in teaching her how to support herself. She was a beautiful young woman, and many remember her as a belle of that period. The family was cultured as well as rich, her grandfather having been for years the editor of the *Repository*, a paper still pub-



MRS. McKINLEY.



lished in Canton, and which was founded by John Saxton in 1815.

The wedding of William McKinley and Miss Ida Saxton occurred on January 25, 1871. At that time the Presbyterians of Canton were hard at work on a new church, built largely by money furnished by Miss Saxton's grandmother. The building was hurried along as much as possible, and the wedding was the first to be celebrated in the quaint old edifice.

Having been married, the couple made a tour east, including a visit to Washington, and then settled down in a pretty cottage surrounded by fine shade trees, a place that was to be their home for many years to come, although it has been altered and improved several times. This house in Canton has now become famous, for there McKinley was notified of his nomination for Congress, for governor, and twice for the Presidential chair.

But those were still the days of small things, and although his wife was rich, McKinley determined to continue carving out his own fortune. He was a devoted husband, and although a busy man, spent

all the time he possibly could with his wife in their cosy little home.

In those days two children came to bless their union, — Kate, born on Christmas Day, 1871, and Ida, born April 1, 1873. The latter lived but four months and twenty-two days, while the former lived three years and six months. Both are buried in the McKinley plot, at Westlawn Cemetery, Canton.

The loss of these dear little ones was a great shock to both parents, and Mrs. McKinley received an additional blow in the loss of her mother. These sorrows told upon the wife, and from that hour she was more or less of an invalid. Yet she bore up bravely, and whenever she was able, was her husband's companion, to brighten his labors and make his home life of the happiest. In return he poured out his affection upon her and kept this up to the day of his untimely end. It is said by those who knew them best that they were "a pair of old-fashioned lovers from first to last." Nothing nobler than this can be said, especially when it is remembered that their married life covered a period of thirty years.

The home in Canton, as it stands to-day, is not a very large or pretentious affair. It is somewhat of the Swiss cottage architecture, with many gables. It stands well back from the street, and a broad stone walk leads up from the gate to the piazza, which was enlarged but a few years ago. The hall is in the centre, and on one side is a double parlor, while on the other is a room which used to be used as a governor's office and also a library. To the rear is a dining room. In the hall is a broad staircase leading to a number of sleeping apartments above.

Probably the most interesting room in the house is that which McKinley used when he was governor of the state of Ohio. Here on the walls hang pictures of Grant and other military celebrities, as well as photographs of Lincoln, and of a number of prominent public officials. There is also a spirited war scene, and the mantel is loaded with pictures and with bric-à-brac, all equally interesting. The bookshelves teem with books relating to the public service, and there are also some telling of McKinley's war experiences.

In his home life William McKinley was always of a cheery disposition. He loved young folks, and having none living of his own, used often to have relatives and friends pay his wife and himself a visit. He liked music, and would often join in a song, and though not particularly a story-teller, he could still interest the boys and girls when they made the demand upon him. He often read the newspaper aloud to his wife, sitting either in the cosy home, when the weather was cool, or else in his favorite corner on the piazza. He was an early riser, and was frequently at work by seven o'clock in the morning, and it was often midnight ere he retired. His health was of the best and suffered little from the strain to which he subjected himself until, when he was President, he was attacked with the grippe, which left him with a somewhat weak heart. Although inclined to be stout, he was well proportioned, with broad shoulders and a chest which gave him good lung power and that clear, full voice which is so essential to every public speaker.

CHAPTER XVI

A PRIVATE LAWYER AGAIN — A FRIEND IN NEED —
THE CALL TO CONGRESS — SUCCESS AT THE POLLS —
HIS SHINING EXAMPLE

WILLIAM MCKINLEY had been elected prosecuting attorney for two years. At the end of that time he came up for reëlection. Just before the balloting came off he said to a friend : —

“I don’t wish you to speak of it to anybody, but I have figured it out, and I think it is going against me.”

“How can that be ?” answered the friend. “Surely all your friends are still your friends.”

“That is true, but the population of the county has increased somewhat during the past two years, and the increase is largely on the Democratic side. If I win, I shall be very agreeably surprised.”

Nevertheless, McKinley went into the contest heart and soul, for he believed that what was worth doing at all was worth

doing well. As before, he made numerous speeches and he was always listened to with close attention, for he had a personal magnetism which to many was irresistible.

But the result was as he had surmised. When the ballots were counted, it was found that his opponent had beaten him by exactly forty-five votes.

"Not so bad," said one of his friends. "You are ahead of the rest of our ticket by at least a hundred votes." And what this friend said was true, and the showing was in reality excellent, although the young prosecuting attorney lost the office thereby.

Being retired again to private life, McKinley devoted himself exclusively to law work, and soon became known far and wide as a skillful practitioner. During the next five years he handled many difficult cases, some of which brought him in large fees. Yet, although he was making money, he remained the modest, unassuming man he had been in the past.

"Anybody could talk to him," said one resident of Canton, in speaking of those days. "He always had a kind word for the children, and some of them used to pre-

sent him with bouquets which they had picked, and he would always give them a little money in return. Once one of the janitors of a building near the court-house had a case against a man who had run over him in the street and knocked him down. The janitor didn't have any money, and he went to McKinley and told his story, saying all he wanted was his doctor's bill paid. McKinley took hold of the case, wrote the other fellow several letters, and threatened to sue him, and the consequence was that the janitor got his doctor's bill paid and got something like fifty dollars for loss of employment in the bargain. And McKinley didn't charge the janitor a cent."

During those five years the rising lawyer was much in demand as a public speaker, and his speeches were so good that even the older public men began to listen attentively to what he had to say. He had an excellent command of language, and his facts and figures, as one of his friends has said, "never got away from him." His capacity for figures was really remarkable, something which, later on, attracted even the attention of James G. Blaine, who was

for many years one of the best-known public men of our country.

In our Centennial year, 1876, a surprise came to Major McKinley. While he was attending a private political meeting, one of the committeemen called him aside.

"Major, how would you like to go to Congress?" was the question put to him.

"To Congress?" repeated McKinley. "I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, we have thought it over, and we can slate you for the position if you will accept."

At first the rising young lawyer demurred. He himself said later: "I was not anxious to be a candidate at that time. I thought I was too young to go into politics. I had a good business, which I had worked hard to obtain, and I hated to run any chance of neglecting it."

But the others would not listen to his protestations. They felt that he was a strong, safe man and would make a worthy representative of the Stark-Columbiana counties district. Consequently he was placed on the ticket and told to go ahead and make the best run he could.

Once having accepted the nomination, McKinley did as was his usual habit, — put his shoulder to the wheel with all the force at his command. There were several candidates in the field against him, and toward election time the battle waxed more than usually warm. All sorts of stories were circulated about him and about what he proposed to do if elected, — generally stories calculated to turn the votes of the poorer class from him. But these people knew the rising young lawyer well and were not to be fooled, and late on election day night it was learned that McKinley had been elected as a representative to Congress by a handsome plurality.

It was his entrance into National affairs, — one of the mile-stones of his life, — and if the election to such a high and honorable office filled him with pride, I am certain that no right-thinking person will blame him. Yet when, amid the music of a brass band, the crackling of a huge bonfire, and the huzzas of a crowd, he received the congratulation of his fellow-citizens and political friends, he was not puffed up in the least, but thanked them simply and heartily

for their kindness to him and promised to do all he could to serve them honestly and faithfully.

As a usual thing a new member of the House of Representatives at Washington has little to say and little to do excepting to vote. All is new and strange to him, and he must learn a great deal before he is qualified to take the initiative in the transacting of public business. He is placed on one or two committees of lesser importance, and there he remains until something he says or does brings him prominently before his fellow-members and the public at large.

William McKinley was too well educated and had the welfare of the country too much at heart to remain long in the background. When called upon to express his opinions he did so clearly, tersely, and forcefully, and his argument never failed "to hold water," as one of his fellow-members has expressed it.

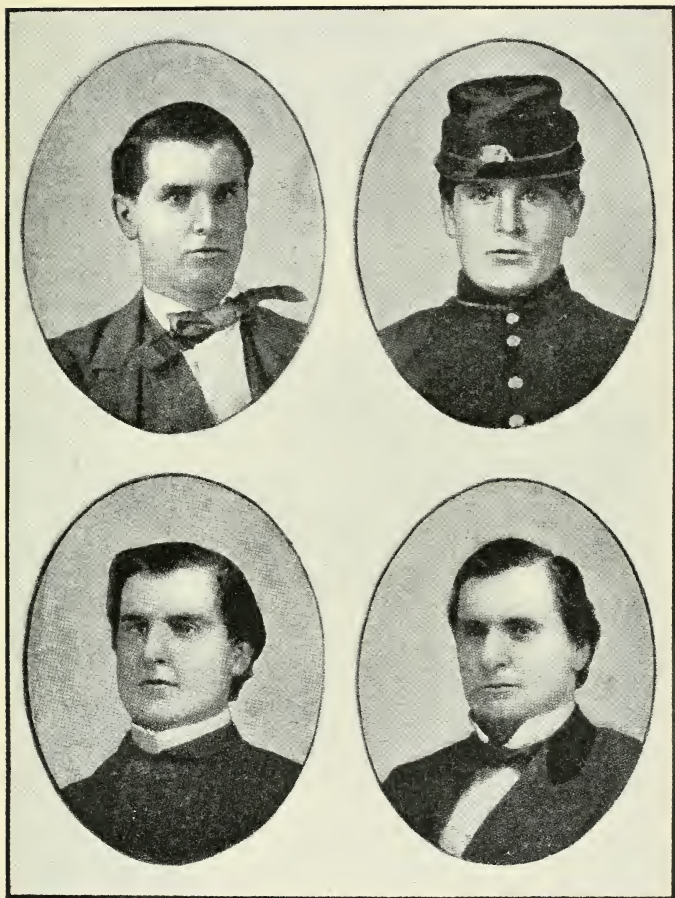
"We could always rely on McKinley," said one representative. "There wasn't an industry that he didn't know something about, and generally he could give you the figures of that industry's output off-hand.

Of course, coming from an iron district, one would expect him to know all about the iron trade, but he could tell you about the cotton trade of the South, or the lumber trade of the Northwest, just as well. I remember one day a member asked him off-hand about the glass factories in the country and the value of the output, and McKinley gave him the actual figures out of his head. I could hardly believe him, and I jotted the figures down on a pad. Afterward I found they were correct."

This was one of the secrets of William McKinley's success. He believed in being thorough in all he undertook. With him there was no such thing as learning a thing half or doing a thing half. If it was to be done at all, it must be done well.

And another secret was — study. He believed in study and he read all the good books that came within his reach. He was always ready to ask questions as well as to answer them. When a measure came up which was likely to affect a certain class of people, or a certain trade or industry, he would write to the people and ask them what they had to say on the subject, or he

would go among them personally and talk with them, until he felt sure that he had heard both sides and that what he proposed to do by his vote would be right. He was no dreamer, but a practical, hard-working, up-to-date citizen and public servant; nay, I should have said, public benefactor. Would that all our growing American lads might profit by his shining example!



McKinley, as Student, Soldier, Lawyer, and Congressman.

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CHAPTER XVII

MCKINLEY IN CONGRESS—HIS KINDNESS TO A POLITICAL OPPONENT—THE FARMER AND HIS CREEK—A DEFEAT ALMOST EQUAL TO A VICTORY

As a congressman William McKinley represented the state of Ohio at Washington for nearly fourteen years. This is a long period of time, and to review all the work done would be very much like reviewing all the doings of our nation for that period.

That he served so long and continuously was a constant surprise to both his friends and his enemies. Only once was he defeated when he ran for the office, and that was because the lines of his district had been changed, so that the voting was overwhelmingly in favor of the Democratic party. Yet, even then, he came close to winning and gave his opponent a good deal of a fright in consequence.

The young congressman's attention was early drawn to the tariff, as it is called,

that is, the duty on imported goods, whereby money is received which helps to run the government and which also helps protect such industries as need protection from outside competition which might sooner or later destroy them.

While McKinley was in Congress, Hayes, his old military commander and warm personal friend, was President. The chief magistrate of our nation was watching the career of the young Congressman with interest and one day he said to McKinley: —

“To achieve success and fame you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing. Become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your study. Why not take up the subject of tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame.”

“I thank you for the advice and I shall endeavor to follow it,” was McKinley’s reply, and follow it he did. Many thought he was willing to look at only one side of

the tariff debate; but this is not so, as is proved by the following true story:—

One day, when McKinley was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and was stopping at a leading hotel in Washington, a manufacturer came to him.

“Mr. McKinley,” he said, “I have been to my member of the House, who is a Democrat like myself, and also to some other Democrats, to try to get a hearing before your committee and I have failed all around. Now I have come to you, and although I have no claim on you, I want to ask the privilege of presenting my case.”

“Sit down, sir, and let me hear your case,” answered McKinley, and motioned the caller to a chair. The two talked over the proposed tariff on certain manufactured articles until after midnight, and McKinley brought out all his facts and figures and compared them with those the manufacturer had to present.

“Your claim is just,” said McKinley, at last. “I am glad that you brought it to my notice. We should have made a mistake by leaving the schedule as drafted. I will do what I can to have it changed.”

And he went to work the next day, much to the satisfaction of the manufacturer, who afterward declared that McKinley was by no means as one-sided a man as he had formerly imagined.

The young congressman's first speech was on the tariff and on protection, and it may be as well to add here that his last speeches in the hall of Congress were on the same subjects. He was a firm believer in protection to American industries, and he had no patience with anything which smacked of free trade, although he was at times willing to grant his opponents more ground than were some of his colleagues.

How eloquent McKinley could become at times is well illustrated by an anecdote told by one of the famous judges of that time. A bill was pending, and several speakers were to talk on either side before the measure was put to a vote. McKinley was put on the list as next to the last speaker on his side. When it came time for the young congressman to address his fellow-members, everybody seemed tired out and unwilling to listen to more. But as McKinley went on, one after another turned to listen atten-

tively, until he had the whole body following every word he said. When he concluded, there was a burst of applause, in the midst of which the member to speak after McKinley rushed up.

“Major McKinley,” he cried, with genuine earnestness, “I am to speak last, but you, sir, have closed the debate.”

It was during the year 1890 that he gave to the Nation the tariff measure which is known to history as the McKinley Bill. He was then chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, — a committee which must see by what *ways* and what *means* the government is to support itself and continue to pay off its indebtedness. Speaking afterward of this work, he said: —

“I was chairman of the committee, and I performed my duties as best I could. Some of the strongest men in Congress were on that committee, and the eight of us heard everybody, considered everything, and made up the best tariff law we knew how to frame.”

This bill was bitterly assailed, and arguments arose hot and fast on both sides, some contending that it was the best of

measures, and others contending that it was the worst. It was altered several times, and then changed again by the Senate, before it became a law. What the result of this law might have been had it stood for a long time, it is impossible to surmise. It lasted two years, and was then superseded by the Wilson-Gorman measure, commonly called the Wilson Bill.

We have seen how McKinley, when a lawyer, could treat his opponent with every consideration. While he was in Congress he showed a depth of feeling that stirred even his bitterest enemies.

There was a debate in progress over a measure known as the Mills Bill, and among the speakers was Samuel J. Randall, who had been Speaker of the House when McKinley first entered Congress. Randall had prepared an elaborate address, but he was now old and feeble, and he was not yet through when the Speaker announced that his time to talk was up.

"Go on! Go on!" cried several.

"I object!" came the cry from another representative.

"His time is up," said another. "Let him stop talking."

At this clamor the old congressman grew white. Never before had he been treated so, and these men had formerly been his friends. He raised his trembling hands on high, and as he did so, McKinley stepped forward and caught the eye of the Speaker of the House.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, in a loud, measured tone, which all heard distinctly, "I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania, out of my time, all that he may need to finish his speech."

It was a noble, generous offering to a former foe, and it brought a tremendous round of applause. Randall finished his speech in a few minutes, so that McKinley really lost but little of the time which was coming to him. Afterward when Randall expressed his thanks to his young colleague, his eyes were filled with tears.

"You are on the right track," he said brokenly. "You'll never lose anything by being generous, even to such an old and worn-out member as myself."

While McKinley was a congressman there

was a page in the House who was a very bad boy. He was bright and clever, but he was also impertinent, and continually plotting mischief, and carrying it out, too. He set himself up as a leader among the pages and soon had a number of other boys following him.

"This won't do," said one of the congressmen, who had had some trick played on him. "We must get rid of that boy or he will demoralize all the rest."

"That is true," said another, and after a consultation, those in authority agreed to send the lad away.

The boy had been warned to reform or he would be dismissed, yet when the actual dismissal came he was stunned. He went home, but he did not dare tell his parents of what had occurred.

McKinley had always liked the lad in spite of his sauciness, and soon he sent for the boy to come to him. The lad came, hanging his head in shame.

"You were dismissed, and you know you deserve it," said McKinley, "but I am inclined to give you another chance. If I speak for you, what will you do?"

“Oh, sir, I’ll do my best!” cried the boy, eagerly. “I won’t be tricky any more—I’ll promise you. Just give me another chance.”

McKinley talked to the lad for the best part of an hour, and then promised to see what could be done. At first nobody else wanted the boy back, but McKinley won them over to giving the lad a chance. When he did come back, McKinley kept his eye on him and continued to encourage him and give him good advice. In the end the boy became not only a good page, but also a good moral youth. He joined the church, started in to educate himself, and when McKinley became President the lad he had saved from a downward path became a minister of the gospel.

Of course as a congressman, McKinley came in contact with all sorts of people. Among those who called upon him was an old farmer who owned a farm near a little creek.

“I want to have a bill put through to have that creek dug out,” said the farmer. “It’s filling up more and more every year, and bime-by there won’t be any creek left.”

"Why don't you try a hand at digging it out yourself?" questioned McKinley, with a smile.

"Digging it out myself? Not much! That's the government's work. The government cleans out rivers and harbors, don't it?"

"It does, in the interest of navigation. Do you navigate anything on your creek?"

"Well, we run a flatboat there during haying time."

"How many craft pass up and down the creek annually?" questioned the congressman, as he reached for a pad and a pencil as if to put down the figures.

"Eh?"

"How many flatboats are used throughout the year?"

"Oh! Well, I use mine, and my son Jim he used to use hisn, but he left it out on the medder last winter, and this spring the bottom dropped out, and he ain't had gump-tion enough to put a new bottom in yet."

"Well, I don't believe we can do anything to the creek until your son gets a new bottom in the boat," was McKinley's calm answer. "The government has gone

pretty far to help private individuals, but up to date I don't believe we have cleaned out any waterway that hadn't at least two boats running annually." And with this he dismissed the old farmer with a bow. The old man went off, not knowing if the congressman was in earnest or poking fun at him; but as he never came back, it is fair to presume that his son Jim's boat still lacks the new bottom.

Strange as it may seem, the election which retired McKinley from Congress for about two years made him stronger and more popular than ever. Just before the election the district which he represented was greatly altered, so that it now contained many more Democrats than before.

"You cannot possibly win now," said his friends. "You will be snowed under by at least two thousand majority. You might as well give it up."

"No, sir, that is not my style," answered McKinley. "I am in this to stick, and shall do my best. I would rather do my best and be defeated than do nothing."

Never was a political fight more hot or more bitter. The McKinley Bill was at-

tacked upon every side, and his opponents tried to prove that the congressman had done his best to ruin the country and make the cost of living high.

"Elect him again, and you'll all go to the poor-house," said some who were very ignorant.

"But he hasn't done so bad for us," said others.

So the talk ran on, and so it is very apt to run on in all campaigns. Each party wishes to win, and each is apt to make matters look as black as possible for the opposition.

Undaunted by all that was said and done against him, McKinley went on his way, delivering his addresses and promising that he would do the best he could if again elected.

The uphill work was very telling, and some of his intimate friends were afraid he would break down under the enormous strain of the campaign. But he smiled over this when they spoke to him of it.

"Don't worry," he said. "I can stand a good deal more than this, if it becomes necessary to do so."

At last came the day of the election.

His opponents were very active. They felt certain they would beat him, and they wished if possible to "snow him under so he would never be heard of again," as some one said.

Then came the counting of votes, which was a most trying time.

"You are beaten," said some of McKinley's friends. "It is too bad, but we cannot alter the fact. Your opponent is elected."

"How many thousand majority has he?"

"No thousand at all. You are beaten by only 303 votes."

"If that is so, then I don't think I have a right to complain," was the quiet answer McKinley made. "The returns show that even though a Republican I have received the support of over two thousand Democrats. I am proud to have made so many friends."

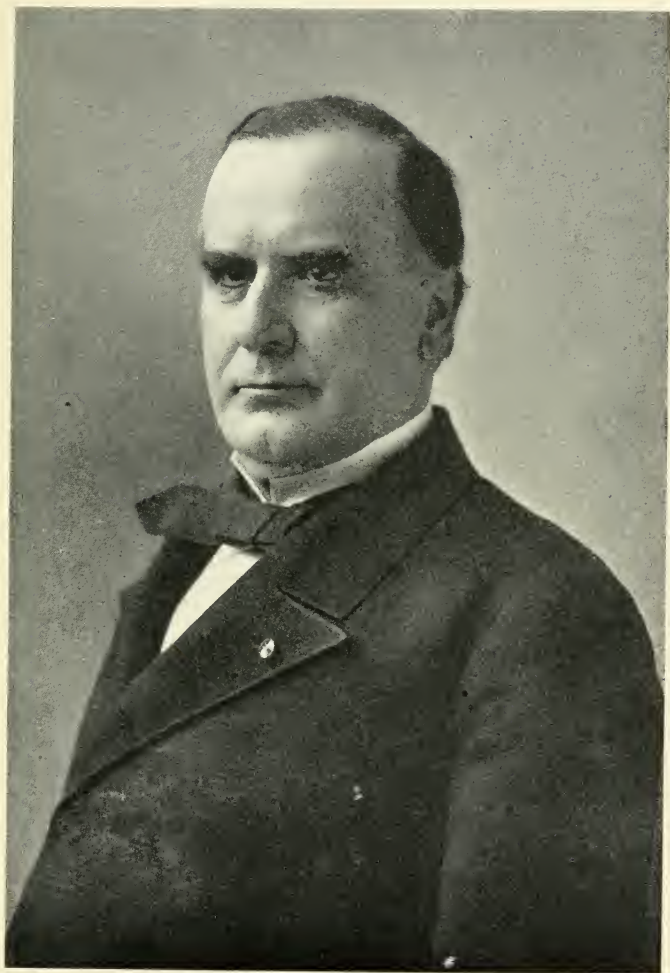
It was something to be proud of, and even those who had been opposed to him had to admit the fact. This was his only defeat while running for Congress. When next he stood for election to public office, his majority was something as surprising as it was gratifying.

CHAPTER XVIII

McKINLEY AS A CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR — AN INTERRUPTED MEETING — SCENES OF CHILDHOOD — LOSS OF HIS FORTUNE — MRS. McKINLEY'S NOBILITY OF CHARACTER

THERE are times when defeat leads on to greater victories, and so it proved in the present instance. Had William McKinley been elected to Congress, he would have been serving his state in that capacity when next Ohio wanted a governor, and some one else would have been placed upon the Republican ticket. As it was, he was free to run; his party remembered what friends he had made among his former political opponents, and they put him up for the office. When the votes were counted, it was learned that he had been elected by a majority of twenty-one thousand.

In this there is a lesson, the learning of which will do every one of us a deal of good. In ordinary life, when one of our plans miscarries, how prone are we to cry out that



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everything is going wrong and that we are being misused. But often the failure turns our efforts in another direction, and in the end the success is far greater than it would otherwise have been. The trial, or failure, came for our own good, but we were too blind at the time to realize it.

But William McKinley had not lost faith in himself, and when his friends placed him in nomination for the governorship, he thanked them most cordially, and, as usual, promised, if elected, to do his best in the interests of all his fellow-citizens.

The contest was highly exciting. The McKinley Bill was not yet forgotten and hard times were making matters worse. It was said that Ohio would surely cast her vote for McKinley's opponent. There was a great deal of speechmaking, and McKinley himself made a stumping tour lasting from the first of August to election day, in November.

At one of the towns where he stopped there was a curious demonstration made against him which he by his quick wit turned in his own favor. The place where he was to talk was close to several facto-

ries, and these places were controlled by men who were politically his enemies. It was arranged that as soon as McKinley tried to talk, all the factory whistles should begin to blow, thus drowning him out.

Totally unaware of the plot hatched against him, the would-be governor started to deliver a carefully prepared address. He had hardly gotten as far as "Fellow-citizens," when toot! toot! toot! went one whistle after another, and then began a perfect bedlam of sounds, during which, as one politician afterward said, "you couldn't hear yourself think."

The committee having the candidate in charge were dumfounded and exceedingly chagrined. They waited as patiently as possible for the steam to give out, but the engineers had a good supply on hand, and instead of decreasing the blowing increased, until folks had to put their hands to their ears to shut out some of the noise.

"We are sorry, but we can do nothing," bawled one of the committeemen in McKinley's ear.

"Has anybody a piece of chalk?" shouted back the candidate, calmly.

The committee began to hunt around, and finally a bit of chalk was procured. Then McKinley held a short conversation with one of his ardent supporters. Close at hand was a large brick wall, and to this the man with the chalk ran. He was quickly mounted on several boxes, and in a few minutes he had written out, in a large, round hand, an announcement running something like this: —

“Major McKinley wishes to thank all for the rousing reception accorded him. As his time is limited, he will not speak to-day, but will surely speak at the Opera House on next Friday evening.”

For the instant after the announcement went up, nobody knew what to say. Then a cheer arose, followed by a loud hand-clapping.

“Hurrah for McKinley!” shouted one man, who had an unusually good pair of lungs. “*He don’t have to talk. He’s elected already.*” And then the cheering and handclapping was renewed. Soon after this, those who had been blowing the whis-

bles stopped in disgust. McKinley wished to depart, but the crowd, when it grew quiet, begged him to remain, and in the end he made one of the best speeches of his life.

“But while I was talking I was on my guard,” he said, in speaking of it later. “And if any of those whistles had started up again, I would have been prepared to stop in short order.” But after that the whistles failed to bother him.

Probably the greatest honor done to McKinley at this time was when he spoke at his old homestead town, Niles. A stand was erected near the house in which he was born, and people came from many miles around to see him and to hear what he might have to say on the great issues of the day.

For this occasion the candidate for gubernatorial honors had prepared a careful speech outlining the policy of his party. So interested had he been that he had committed the whole address to memory, so as to do away with the use of any manuscript in its delivery.

And yet when it came time to speak he

almost forgot what to say! There, close around him were gathered hundreds of men he knew, some of whom he had not seen for years. Here were those who had gone to school with him, and who as boys had waded in the brook with him. There was a man who as a big boy had teased him when he was a little fellow. The big boy had always been mean, and now the man's manner showed that he was poor and shiftless in his later years. Close by was another man who had cheated him at marbles, and another man who had once tried to fight with him. Then he discovered an old negro who used to tell the boys marvellous ghost stories, so that some of the lads would be afraid to be out after dark. The negro was now bent with age and almost blind, but he leaned there on his knotty stick, more than anxious to listen to what McKinley might have to say. And there was still another man, who, in their youthful days, had "cut him out" with the girlish belle of the district school. The man had a boy with him, and McKinley began to wonder if he had married the school belle, and if that was

their son. And then he saw an old army chum who had been wounded and sent home during the second year of the war, and he felt like leaping from the platform and embracing him.

"I felt a strange feeling come over me that I cannot describe," he said afterward. "I was home again, among the folks of my childhood. I could not help but contrast my position with that of the poor, shiftless fellow who had in years gone by taken such a delight in teasing and tormenting me. What a gulf now lay between us! And my thoughts ran on so fast that they were in great danger of running away with me, so that it was only by the greatest of efforts I controlled my feelings and managed to deliver that address I had taken so much pains to memorize."

In that campaign McKinley was pronounced the best vote-getter in Ohio, and certainly the results would seem to justify that statement, for he had persuaded thousands of a different political faith to put their trust in him. Some, who were very bitter, predicted that his administration would be a one-sided affair, but he soon

proved that he was the governor for all and not for one class or one political party. And it was this bearing that made him the wonderfully popular man he afterward became.

It was during his first term as governor of Ohio that McKinley suffered a blow that was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky — a blow which he probably never forgot and one which left its mark upon him to the day of his death.

At Youngstown lived a banker, capitalist, and manufacturer named Robert L. Walker. It is said that he was a schoolmate of McKinley in his younger days, and that the friendship continued when the young major came back from the war.

As a banker Mr. Walker had considerable ready money, and when he started as a lawyer McKinley took from him a small loan, to tide him over until he should obtain sufficient clients to pay his own way. Another loan was made when the young lawyer first ran for Congress, and a further loan of about \$2000, with which to pay off a mortgage on some of his wife's property. As soon as he was obtaining his salary of

\$5000 a year as a congressman, McKinley paid back these loans. Later on, other loans were made, to help defray campaign expenses, but these likewise were promptly paid when they fell due.

As McKinley became better known, his campaign expenses decreased, and by the time he left Congress he had saved up something like \$20,000, which he invested in securities and real estate, thinking to lay up a little for "a rainy day," which was both wise and praiseworthy. At this time his wife possessed property worth \$75,000, left to her by her parents.

Soon after McKinley became governor Mr. Walker came to him and said he was hard pressed for cash.

"I used to help you out," he said. "I would like you to do the same for me. Indorse these notes, and I will get them discounted at the bank at once."

McKinley had never been in the habit of indorsing notes for anybody, for he knew what bitter trials such actions often produce. Yet here was his old friend asking him the favor, and how could he refuse him? Moreover, to the best of his belief,

Mr. Walker was highly prosperous and fully able to meet any note he put out.

So the notes were indorsed, and for the time being that was the end of the matter. But soon the banker and manufacturer came with other notes and then others. McKinley supposed that some of the later notes were drawn up to pay those first made, but in this he was sadly mistaken. He trusted the friend of his boyhood implicitly.

In the middle of February, 1893, came the startling announcement that R. L. Walker had made an assignment. The news came to the governor while he was preparing to leave home to attend a banquet of the Ohio Society in New York City.

"It cannot be possible," he told his wife. "I must look into this at once." And he immediately telegraphed his regrets to those holding the banquet. Then he took the first train for Youngstown,

Here his worst fears were realized. As matters were investigated, the Walker failure grew and grew, until it was known that the liabilities were about \$200,000. The assets were less than half that sum.

Of course Governor McKinley's chief anxiety was about the notes he had indorsed. He soon learned that none of them had been taken up and that instead of being surety for \$15,000, as he supposed, he was surety for about \$100,000. He could scarcely believe his own eyesight, but there it was before him in black and white.

"I cannot understand it," he said, almost brokenly. "But whatever I owe shall be paid dollar for dollar."

When he went home, his wife questioned him concerning the particulars of the failure, and he told all he knew.

"But you cannot pay \$100,000," said she.

"I will do the best I can. No man can do more than that," he answered. "The people all know I had nothing to do with Mr. Walker's enterprises. I merely tried to help him along because he had been a friend to me."

"This failure shall not tarnish our name," said the noble wife. "If you give up all your property, I will give up mine, too. Then we shall be honest even though poor, and you can take a fresh start in life."

CHAPTER XIX

SECOND TERM AS GOVERNOR—DECLINES THE NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY—THE CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS—TRIUMPH OF THE GOLD STANDARD

MRS. MCKINLEY was as good as her words, and soon all the property of the governor and his loving, trusting wife was in the hands of trustees selected to manage affairs.

“I have this day placed all my property in the hands of trustees, to be used to pay my debts,” said the governor. “The amount will be insufficient, I know, but I will execute notes and pay them off as fast as I can. I shall retire from politics, go back to law, and begin all over again.”

The words were those of a noble, honest man, willing to do all in his power to make good that for which he was not personally responsible, but for which, as an honorable man, he felt he must stand.

“He shall not retire from politics,” cried

his friends, at once. "He is too good a man to let go—we cannot afford to lose him." And at once a popular subscription was started by a Chicago newspaper, and subscriptions began to pour in from all directions. But over these McKinley merely shook his head.

"I do not want anybody to send me money," he said. "This is my debt, and I will take care of it."

"But your friends insist upon helping you," was the answer. "You should let them have their way. You must remember that you are a public character and that in a certain sense you belong to the people."

But McKinley continued to decline. Finally some friends took hold of the matter and went ahead without letting the governor know what they were doing. A fund was created, and it is said that to this there were over four thousand subscribers who subscribed the full amount needed! What a monumental showing of genuine friendship! A man with such friends could not be poor, no matter what his station in life.

It was a tremendous lesson and had a far-reaching influence. In the future, although McKinley thought as much of his friends as ever, he signed no notes, or in fact any documents, public or private, until he was absolutely sure of what he was doing.

"I was entirely unsuspecting," he told a close friend. "Mr. Walker and I had been great friends. I thought it my duty to assist him all I could."

Some of his political enemies endeavored to make capital out of this failure by calling McKinley a bad business man and one not fit to occupy such an important position as governor. But this report was soon exploded by a gentleman in high financial circles, who gave it out that the failure of R. L. Walker was entirely unexpected, and that he himself would have indorsed notes equal to those indorsed by McKinley, had he been called upon to do so. As for his great misfortune, it has been said, and very likely with wisdom, that it strengthened his future hold upon the American people as nothing else could have done, for it made him known as a man

in moderate circumstances, and no one could ever accuse him of using his political influence to enrich himself.

In a work of this kind, prepared especially for the inspiration of our young people, it is needless to go into the details of Governor McKinley's administration while occupying the gubernatorial chair of Ohio. Suffice it to say that he kept his promise to do his best, and affairs were administered wisely and economically and honorably. To a great degree he was an advocate of the rights of labor as well as of capital, and it was partly due to his efforts that a State Board of Arbitration was established, whereby employers and employees might settle their differences without strikes or violence.

So greatly were his friends pleased by his work that when it came time to elect a governor again, they placed him in nomination by acclamation. Again there was a spirited canvass, but now everybody knew the governor and knew what he was doing for them, and when the balloting came to an end it was found that he was reëlected by over eighty thousand majority, one of

the largest majorities ever polled in Ohio up to that time. As one of the politicians of that time said, "He made friends of his enemies with astonishing rapidity." This politician spoke the truth and yet not all the truth. He had yet to learn that William McKinley did not belong to any one party, but to the whole nation, and that his strong personality was bound to break down party barriers wherever it presented itself.

The Governor was always very popular with the newsboys, all of whom knew him well. Whenever he arrived at Columbus there would always be a wild rush to serve him.

"Please, Mr. Governor, take my papers!" would be the cry heard on every side.

"All right, I'll take one from each of you," would be the good-natured answer, and then each newsboy would get a nickel or ten cents for his sheet.

One day it was very cold and wet when the Governor came from the State House. He started to patronize the newsboys, when a friend stopped him.

"Better get home, sir," said the friend. "It's too nasty for you to be out."

"The boys will be looking for me," was the quiet reply. "I shall not disappoint them on such a day as this, when they are having so much trouble to dispose of their stock," and the Governor went to the boys and made them as happy as usual despite the storm.

During Governor McKinley's terms in office the state was much disturbed by conflicts between capital and labor, and on a number of occasions the militia had to be called out to protect property and restore order, especially along the lines of the principal railroads carrying the mails. Twice the mobs tried to resort to lynching, but through the firm stand taken by the governor these riotous acts were prevented and the fair name of the state saved from such disgrace.

The great vote cast for McKinley as governor the second time brought him to the attention of the whole United States, and made of him a possible candidate for the Presidency. Twice before had he been spoken of for that high and honorable position, but on each occasion he had thrust it aside, the first time in favor of Sher-

man, and the second time in favor of Harrison.

In 1888 came the Republican National Convention which put up Benjamin Harrison for President. William McKinley was a delegate, and went in pledged for John Sherman. During the meeting some of the delegates shouted for McKinley and then some voted for him. At once he leaped to his feet, stepped up upon his chair, and shaking his head vigorously, said :—

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention—I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my state ; I am here by a resolution of the Republican convention, passed without one dissenting voice, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman and use every worthy endeavor for his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to vote for me. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me I cannot remain silent with honor. I cannot consistently with the credit of the state whose credentials I bear,

and which has trusted me; I cannot with honorable fidelity to John Sherman, who has trusted me in his cause and with his confidence; I cannot consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do so, to say or to permit that to be done which could even be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine. I do request — I demand — that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

After this there was nothing to do but to drop McKinley's name from the list of candidates, but his loyalty to his friend made him stronger than ever.

At the convention which re-nominated Harrison (the second President to bear that name) in 1892, the scene was truly a dramatic one. McKinley at the head of the Ohio delegation went in pledged for Harrison. When the votes began to be called, the Ohio delegates cast their vote for McKinley. At once McKinley challenged the vote. He

wished to turn it to Harrison. He was chairman of the convention, but he seemed powerless to act. The gallery broke into a loud cheering, and "McKinley! McKinley!" was heard upon every side, and other delegates began to rise in all parts of the house to change their votes in his favor. But, though profoundly touched, he would not listen to them and stated plainly that he was not a candidate. At last the excitement passed and the convention finally nominated the man for whom McKinley had so stubbornly and conscientiously fought.

But this noble self-sacrifice and the great popularity of McKinley had done their work. The next Republican National Convention was held at St. Louis, June 16-18, 1896. Fully fifty thousand visitors had flocked to the city, and the Auditorium, where the convention was held was literally jammed.

The name of McKinley was everywhere—in the hall, the hotels, the club rooms, on the streets. Other candidates had been put forth, but there was an undercurrent toward the son of Ohio that was unmistakable.

The convention was called to order and the platform adopted. Then the different candidates' names were brought forward. When the name of William McKinley was mentioned, there was a perfect roar of applause and a waving of flags and banners which lasted fully twenty minutes. When the voting began, McKinley was nominated on the first ballot, receiving more than three times as many votes as all the other candidates combined. Then his opponents arose to make the nomination unanimous, and this was done amid greater enthusiasm than ever.

The campaign to follow was one which is not easily forgotten. For the time being the tariff was almost totally dropped, and "Sound Money," as it was called, became the main issue. The Nation's finances were on a gold basis,—that is, all public obligations were payable in gold,—and the Republicans wished to maintain this standard. On the other hand, the Democrats contended that it was wrong to keep silver out of circulation and that our standard should be gold and silver both. Arguments were exceedingly hot and often bitter, and to

this day many have not gotten over the heat of that campaign, in which personalities were indulged in which were far from creditable to either side, and which did not aid in the least in the solution of the problem which confronted the country. The "gold plank" caused a split in the Republican party by the withdrawal of those who favored silver, and the "silver plank" likewise caused a split in the Democratic party by those leaving who favored gold. Independent candidates were put in the field besides the regular nominees, and for several months the whole country was in a state of keen agitation and suspense.

But though full of bitterness, the canvass was not without its humor. No matter how carefully plans are laid, the unexpected often happens, causing some dismay.

Once McKinley was speaking in a country town in which he was well known and where a great many of his old army comrades lived. The people of the place had made all preparations to do the handsome thing by him and a large crowd assembled to hear his address.

It did not take the speaker long to get

warmed up to his subject. While he was talking, an old soldier sauntered up, remaining somewhat on the outer edge of the crowd. That he was keenly interested in what was being said, there could be no doubt.

McKinley, having reviewed the financial situation, continued somewhat in this style: "And now, my friends, what is to be done in this matter? We all agree that the matter must be cared for. But who is to protect the government?"

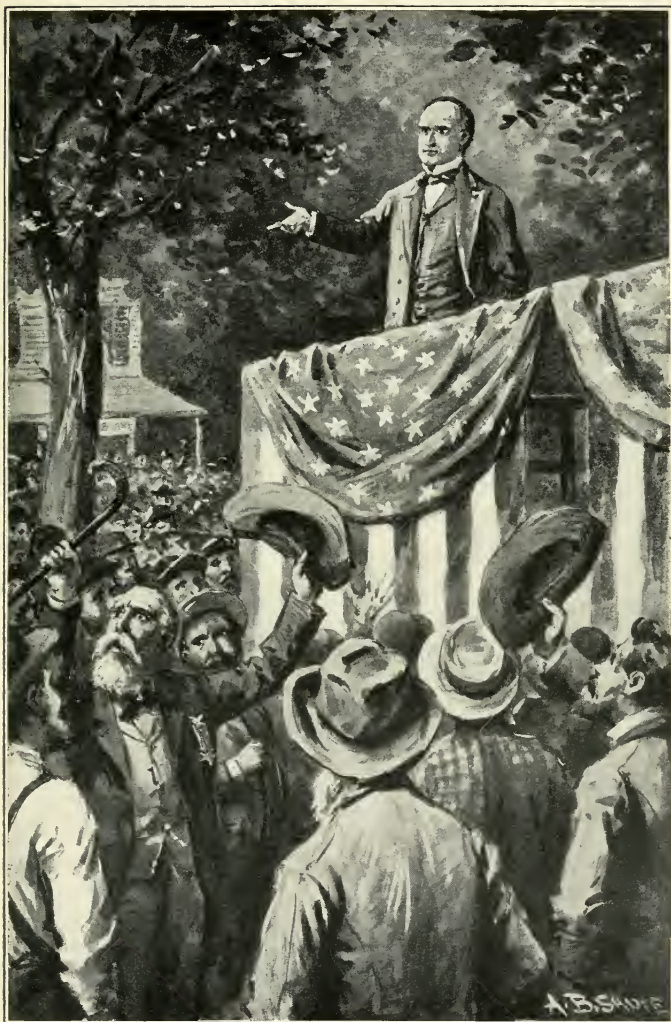
"*Billy McKinley, the rider of the bob-tailed nag!*" shouted the old soldier, at the top of his lungs.

For the moment there was a dead silence, the interruption was so unexpected. Then came a rousing cheer from all the old soldiers present.

"Hurrah! Billy McKinley on his bob-tailed nag! The hero of Kernstown!"

And then the crowd understood and the cheers were redoubled. It was an odd tribute, but it pleased the candidate immensely.

At last came election day, and then the all-memorable night, when the returns from



“ Billy McKinley, the rider of the bobtailed nag ! ”
shouted the old soldier.

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all over the country came pouring in. It was found that the total number of votes cast was nearly 14,000,000, and that out of this large number William McKinley had received about 600,000 more than William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic nominee. Of the electoral votes, McKinley received 271, and Bryan 176.

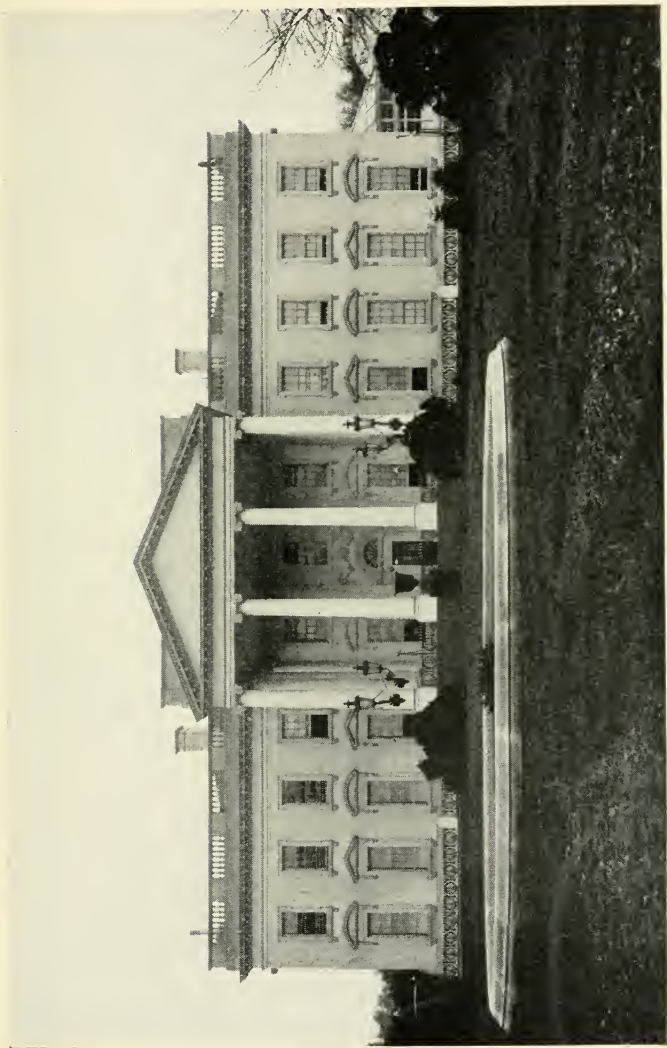
When the result was announced, those who had supported McKinley and the gold standard went wild with delight. Bells rang, steam whistles blew, parades were hastily arranged, and all night long could be heard the music of bands and the blowing of horns. The followers of McKinley were sure that good times would continue and increase, and their predictions were fulfilled.

CHAPTER XX

SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT — DEATH OF NANCY MCKINLEY — THE OLD SOLDIER'S INTERVIEW — AN OLD COLORED WOMAN MADE HAPPY

ON March 4, 1897, William McKinley was sworn in as twenty-fifth President of the United States. It was a clear, mild day, and Washington was alive with people, many of whom had come hundreds of miles to witness the inaugural ceremonies. There was a grand parade and a brave showing of flags and decorations.

There were many happy people at that inaugural, but I think the happiest of all must have been dear old Nancy McKinley, who had come on, as old as she now was, to see her son, "her own William," made President. No wonder her eyes were filled with tears, as she sat there, as straight as of old, but they were happy tears, and many old persons in the gathering felt like crying with her, because they felt happy over her great happiness.



The White House, Washington, D.C.

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And another person who was happy was the wife, patient, suffering, but still the faithful life companion, the one best loved by him who was now the chief ruler over seventy-five millions of people.

The inauguration was followed by a grand ball and by other social events. Then the government settled down to business once more, and the President called a special session of Congress to consider several matters of importance.

Yet in those days, no matter how busy he was, he never forgot his old mother, who had returned to her home in Canton, Ohio. Every day there came to the Canton post-office a letter from "William at Washington," as she always expressed herself when speaking of him. These messages continued until he was called to her deathbed. She had been a widow for several years, and the parting between mother and son was a sad one. She had been to him all that a good, true, religious mother can be to any son. And he had the satisfaction of knowing that as her son he had done his duty to its fullest by her.

Returning to Washington after this sad

affair, President McKinley found that he had his hands more than full with all the public business on hand and accumulating. Acting under his instructions, a new tariff bill, known as the Dingley Bill, was passed by Congress, which proved more satisfactory than that which had preceded it. This was followed by considerable business relating to the money question, and then by attention to the affairs of the Union and Kansas Pacific railroads, who were struggling under large debts and who were seemingly unable to adjust their finances properly.

It was a tremendous amount for the President to do, but he never shrank from any task, however difficult, and wisely surrounded himself with a Cabinet of men fully capable of assisting him in the discharge of public duties.

In one particular the opening of President McKinley's term in office was peculiar in the fact that there was very little "red tape," as it is termed. The President went about all business openly, and never denied himself to any one who wanted to see him on a matter of importance. One day a

ragged old Grand Army man presented himself at the door of the White House and was asked his business.

"I want to see the President," said the old veteran.

"He cannot receive you at present, sir," was the answer. "He has called a Cabinet meeting for ten o'clock, and it is now five minutes of ten."

"But he told me I could come and see him," insisted the old soldier.

"Told you? When?"

"About six months ago, when he was in our town out in Ohio."

"Oh! Well, you had better come in when he is receiving visitors," and the doorkeeper mentioned the time.

"I can't come in then," said the Grand Army man, much crestfallen. "I'm going back home this afternoon. Can't you please take in my name to him?"

There was some hesitation, and finally the veteran's name was taken in to the President, who was deep in the reading of some important public documents.

The veteran waited in the hallway for several minutes, and then to his surprise

saw McKinley coming toward him with outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you, sergeant," he said, remembering fully the soldier's rank. "Come in and tell me how you have been." And shaking hands heartily, he led the way to a side apartment where they would not be disturbed. Here the veteran was offered a chair and a cigar, and the President asked him about his personal affairs, about his wife and his brother who had gone to California, and half a dozen other matters, making the visitor feel perfectly at home. Of course the Grand Army man came away more than pleased.

"He's a gentleman, every inch of him," said the veteran, in telling his friends of the visit afterward. "I thought the interview was going to be downright straight-laced, but I soon got that knocked out of me. He talked to me like a brother, and he hasn't forgotten a one of us, even if he is President. He talked to me almost half an hour, and if that Cabinet got together, it had to wait, that's all."

There is also another story, told by an old colored woman, which I think is worth

relating, for it shows that this true-hearted American gentleman did not forget the poor and lowly, even though elevated to the highest office of the Nation.

The old colored woman had moved to Washington from Ohio several years before. She was very old, her husband was dead, and she had only a son upon whom she could depend for support. The son had had employment, but was now out of a situation. Shortly after McKinley became President the old colored woman made up her mind to call upon him and see if she could not obtain some sort of government employment for the son.

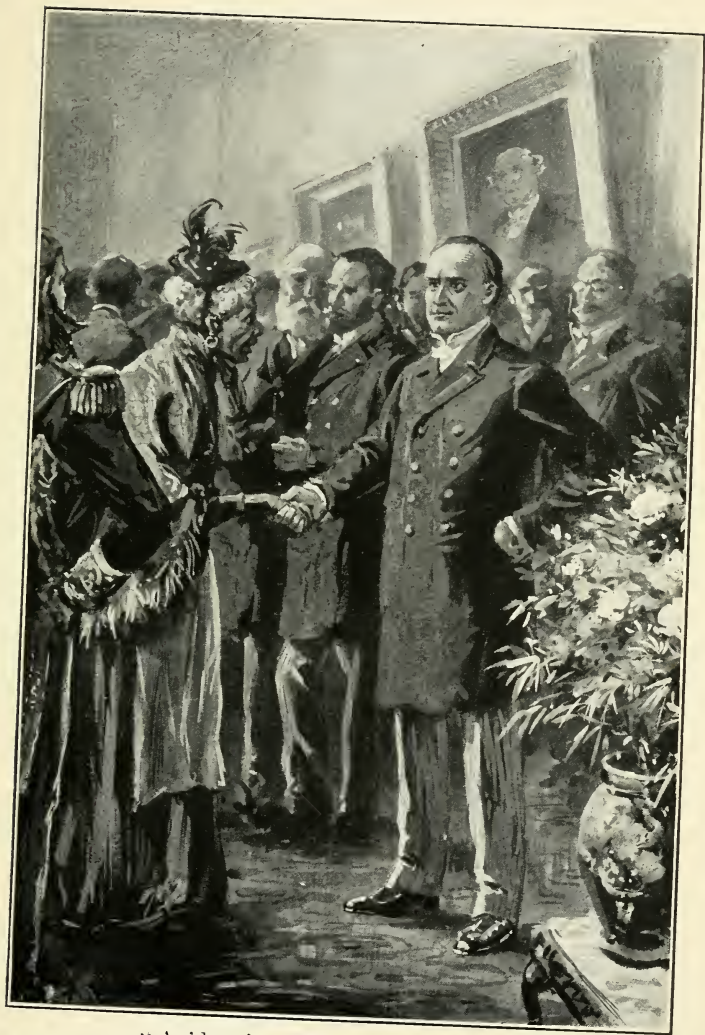
She was unable to pass the doorkeeper to get a private interview, for she was very old, and nobody understood exactly what she wanted. So on reception day she joined the long line of visitors and stood for nearly an hour waiting for her turn to grasp the chief magistrate by the hand.

She was very nervous, and when she stood in front of McKinley she could scarcely put out her hand, much less repeat what she had in mind to say.

"I dun stood dar jest like a fool," she said,

when relating her experience. "He seemed to be sech a big man, I couldn't say nuffin nohow. He looked at me cu'rus like, an' all to once he says, 'Ain't dis Mammy Tucker?' Den I most gasp' fo' bref, an' I says, 'Yes, dis is Mammy Tucker, Mister President,' an' he give my hand a hot squeeze, an' says, 'Glad to see you, Mrs. Tucker. I hope you are well.' Dat flustered me mightily, but I braces up, an' I says, 'I'se putty well, sah, but mighty poor, sah — wid de old man gone, an' Washington out o' wuk. Wisht Washington cud git somet'ing to do around yeah, sah.' By dat time de crowd behin' was pushin' up, an' he says, 'Come an' see me to-morrow at nine o'clock,' an' den I had to pass on, wid everybody a-lookin' an' a-starin' at me, 'cause de blessed President had stopped to talk to a poor ole colored pusson like me."

Promptly at nine o'clock the next day she presented herself at the White House and told the doorkeeper what the President had said. Without hesitation McKinley accorded her a short interview, and gave her some money with which to tide over



"An' he give my hand a hot squeeze."

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her immediate distress. Later on, the son Washington was given a position as a cleaner in one of the public buildings, with a salary upon which mother and son lived very nicely.

CHAPTER XXI

REVOLUTION IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES — THE TROUBLES IN CUBA — BLOWING UP OF THE *MAINE* — FIFTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE

DURING the time that William McKinley was governor of Ohio and while he was making his first run for the Presidency, there was serious trouble in the island of Cuba, situated just beyond the coast of Florida, and in the Hawaiian Islands, located in the Pacific Ocean, twenty-one hundred miles southwest of San Francisco.

The Hawaiian Islands, occasionally called the Sandwich Islands, after the English Earl of Sandwich, are eight in number, although only four are of any considerable size. They are of volcanic origin, and one island, Hawaii, possesses the volcano, Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world.

But though of volcanic origin, the islands

are rich in their tropical luxuriance, and produce great quantities of sugar, coffee, bananas, rice, and other articles of commerce. The weather is mild the year around, and varies so little that in the native tongue there is no word corresponding to our *weather*. The most the native says of a change is, that it is wet, or it is dry.

The principal city of the islands is Honolulu, which is up to date in every particular, having electric lights, telephones, street cars, several excellent newspapers, a fine hospital, a really beautiful set of public buildings, and several splendid schools. The population is a mixture of Kanakas, which are the natives, Germans, English, French, and Americans. In former years, foreigners predominated, but now Americans are pouring in fast.

For years the Hawaiian Islands had been under a monarchical form of government, but this became very oppressive during the reign of Queen Liliuokalani, and at last some leading citizens determined to throw off the yoke, and establish their freedom. Amid a wild cheering the flag of the monarchy was hauled down, and foreign flags,

including that of the United States, were raised in its stead.¹

Excitement was intense, and it looked as if a bloody revolution would immediately begin. All foreigners were at once formed into military companies, and given the best weapons available. A provisional government was formed, with Judge Sanford B. Dole as the leader. Two days later the new government went into operation without bloodshed, and on July 4, 1894, the Republic of Hawaii became established before the world. This was a gala day for Honolulu. The streets were lavishly decorated with banners, flowers, and sweeping palm branches, and the band played all the national airs.

But it was felt by many in the islands that in their isolated position they would be subjected to many political perils if unattached to some larger nation. The public sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of annexation to the United States, and soon a petition was circulated to that effect.

¹ Among those who raised the first United States flag in Honolulu at that time, was Mr. George C. Stratemeyer, an elder brother of the author of this volume, and who has lived in the islands over twenty years.—THE PUBLISHERS.

The petition was bitterly opposed by ex-Queen Liliuokalani, who was plotting hard to reëstablish herself upon the throne. But President McKinley considered it his duty to listen to what the many Americans in the islands desired, and on June 16, 1898, he approved a treaty which was shortly afterward ratified by the Senate, and the islands became the Territory of Hawaii, with Sanford B. Dole as governor.

This was a most important epoch in our history, and one well worth remembering. It was the first move in the policy of expansion for which the McKinley administration afterward became so noted. In the past we had held no outside territory but that of Alaska; now war was to put us in possession of islands close at home and other islands thousands of miles away.

It was a great day in the Hawaiian Islands when the annexation was formally proclaimed. Cannon boomed, pistols cracked, drums rattled, bands played, and it was very much like an old-fashion Fourth of July here at home. The grounds around the government building were crowded with people of a score of nationalities, and all

became strangely hushed as the government band played the national air, "Hawaii Ponoi" for the last time. Then the flag of the Republic was lowered, and Old Glory was hoisted in its stead, while the band from the United States cruiser *Philadelphia* played the "Star-spangled Banner," and the cheering became louder and louder. To this day none of the Hawaiians have regretted the step thus taken, nor is it likely that they will regret it in the future.

In Cuba there had been a war of long standing. The island was under the rule of Spain, and Spain had been the oppressor of all her colonies for centuries. Her cruelty to her subjects had cost her a good portion of the United States, Mexico, and her enormous power in Central and South America, and now it was to cost her the loss of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the twelve hundred islands on the other side of the globe known as the Philippines.

It would be impossible in a work of this kind to go into the details of the Cuban trouble. Let me say briefly, then, that the people were taxed to the utmost, and the many improvements promised to them —

good roads, public schools and other buildings, and better courts of justice — were not forthcoming, and whenever anybody made a protest he was promptly thrust into prison.

From bad, matters became worse, until the people rebelled openly, and a fight occurred in which several natives were slain. Then Spain sent an army into the island to conquer the inhabitants at any cost. But the spirit of liberty was now aflame, a Cuban army was hastily organized, guns and ammunition procured, and almost before the outside world knew it, a war was on which was cruel and bloodthirsty to the last degree, and in which countless thousands were slain.

The watchword of the Cubans was *Cuba Libre*, meaning Cuban Liberty, and this watchword was speedily taken up in this country by those who wished to see the people of the ill-fated isle their own masters. Guns and other supplies were shipped to Cuba in secret, but this was contrary to international law, and the United States was called upon by Spain to put down the practice, for Cuba was considered merely a rebellious colony and not an independent power.

The war in Cuba affected many Americans who had their homes there, and these people soon asked for assistance.

"They shall be helped," said President McKinley, promptly, and forthwith sent a message to Congress recommending that the sum of \$50,000 be appropriated for that purpose. A bill was quickly passed, and the money was used where it would do the most good. This was on May 17, 1897, and three days later our Senate passed a resolution recognizing the Cubans as belligerents. This made the giving of aid by any people in the United States lawful here. Aid was soon forthcoming, and a number of our old soldiers went to Cuba to fight in the army of the natives against oppression. Among those on the battlefields of Cuba at this time was Colonel Frederick Funston, afterward well known because of his capture of the rebel leader, General Aguinaldo, in the Philippine Islands.

The Cubans had often asked the United States for help, but it was not until early in 1898 that war with Spain began to be talked about among our people. The President believed in self-restraint as much as possible,

although perfectly willing to give aid to the struggling isle in other ways.

On February 15, 1898, occurred a catastrophe which has few parallels in history. The battleship *Maine*, which had been sent down to Cuba on a friendly visit, was blown up while lying in Havana Harbor, and over two hundred and fifty officers and sailors lost their lives.

The destruction of the massive ship, which was over three hundred feet long, occurred about ten o'clock at night. A rumble and a roar was heard in the city, which shook buildings and broke glassware; and looking out into the harbor, it was seen that the beautiful battleship had been rent and torn completely asunder and was sinking.

At once boats were sent out to bring in those who might be floating around. Captain Sigsbee, who had been writing a letter in the cabin at the time of the explosion, was rescued, and likewise a few others. But the great majority of those who had gone down were dead or dying.

The blowing up of the *Maine* caused intense excitement throughout the length and breadth of the land, and many demanded

that we go to war with Spain at once because of it. But Spain professed utter ignorance of the explosion, and a board of inquiry was appointed to make an examination into the affair. This board later on reached the important conclusion that the battleship had been blown up *from the outside*, and not from within, as Spain wished to prove.

“This means war, and nothing but war,” was heard upon every hand; and the situation in Cuba was the sole topic of conversation. At once a number of important cabinet meetings were held, and President McKinley pointed out that the United States were in no shape to wage war on even such a secondary nation as Spain.

“She has an army of almost two hundred thousand men in Cuba,” he said, “and a navy which is considered first-class, while we have but an army of a few thousand within immediate call, and a navy which is sadly lacking both in guns and ammunition. We must have an appropriation and get into shape to fight before we do anything else.”

The word was passed along, and in a few

days both the House of Representatives and the Senate passed an appropriation of \$50,000,000 to be placed at the disposal of the President, to be used *at his discretion*, "for National defence."

Fifty million dollars! It was certainly a large sum to place in the absolute charge of any one man, and it showed the whole country's unbounded confidence in the President; for the appropriation was made unanimously, not a single representative or senator voting against it. Politics, party lines, the fading line between North and South, were all cast aside as the Nation arose, and men stood shoulder to shoulder in a common cause, the defence of the oppressed, and the advancement of liberty.

CHAPTER XXII

OPENING OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN — TASK OF PREPARING FOR THE CONTEST — DEWEY'S VICTORY IN MANILA BAY — FAR-REACHING RESULTS OF THIS NAVAL BATTLE

THE United States had not been on a war footing since our great armies had disbanded in 1865, thirty-three years before; consequently when the conflict with Spain became inevitable, there was an immense amount of work to do. And a large portion of this labor fell upon the shoulders of President McKinley.

He did not shrink from the responsibility imposed upon him. He had done his best to avert war, but the folly of Spain had left no loophole by which peace could be maintained. The Cubans were suffering untold horrors, on the battlefield and through starvation, and something had to be done. It was not a war of conquest, but only a magnificent public effort to help another nation establish its freedom.

As said before, the work to be done was tremendous. Generally a war is measured entirely by the battles fought and the victories or defeats. Few people think of the labor involved in raising and equipping an army and a navy, and of maintaining them while one is in the field and the other on the high seas. In the army the men have to be gathered together and properly officered, they have to be clothed and fed and taken care of when they are sick or when they are wounded. They have to be properly drilled, and when they wish to move from one place to another without marching, proper transportation facilities have to be provided. In the navy the vessels must be put into the best possible fighting trim. Stations for coaling and for obtaining ammunition and food must be provided, and those who are carrying on the war must study matters closely so as to have the right ships at the right place when the time comes to use them. These are but a few of the thousand and one details which go to make up a competent war service, and yet which seldom reach the ears of the general public.

The days passed swiftly, and President McKinley was kept more than busy. His first call was for one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, and right nobly did the citizens from every state in the Union respond to the call. The militia everywhere was called out, and recruiting went on at all hours of the day. Camps were established in various parts of the country, and here the militia were sworn into the United States service. The writer of this volume visited a number of these camps at the time, and the patriotic impression brought back will never be forgotten.

Strange as it may seem, the first great blow struck by us against Spain was miles away from either the United States or Cuba. When war became a fact, Commodore George Dewey, commanding the Asiatic Squadron of the United States navy, was stationed at the bay of Hong Kong, China. He was immediately ordered to get his squadron into proper shape for fighting, and was further ordered to find a certain Spanish fleet located in or near the Philippine Islands and engage it.

Commodore Dewey had fought in the

Civil War, and was a man of quick action. Without delay he coaled his vessels, and on April 27 left Chinese waters, bound for the Philippines. He expected to have no easy task of finding the Spanish fleet, for the Philippines, as said before, are about twelve hundred in number, and there are harbors, big and little, innumerable.

The commodore's squadron consisted of four cruisers, the *Olympia*, *Boston*, *Baltimore*, and *Raleigh*, three gunboats, the *Concord*, *Petrel*, and a small craft named the *McCulloch*, and two coaling vessels. The largest craft was the *Olympia*, of fifty-eight hundred tons, which was Dewey's flagship.

The course was for the island of Luzon, the largest by far of the group, and the one upon which is located Manila, the chief city. The run to Luzon took but a few days; and the first stop made was at Subic Bay, a few miles west of Manila Bay. No Spanish warships were sighted, and then Commodore Dewey steered straight for Manila.

The bay of Manila is large, with a very narrow entrance. Corregidor Island partly blocks the channel, and upon this island

was located a Spanish fort with a number of heavy guns.

Not wishing to be caught by the fire from the fort, the commodore kept out of sight of the coast line until nightfall. It was a fearfully hot day, and the jackies suffered greatly, but nobody complained. All were anxious to do their duty to the utmost.

As night came on, the squadron approached the entrance to the bay. This was a highly dangerous move, for every vessel ran the risk of being shot at from the fort on the island, and the forts on the mainland, or of being blown up by some hidden mine. Yet Commodore Dewey did not falter, but went straight ahead.

Suddenly a rocket flared up into the air, followed by others, and in the light thus afforded warships and forts stood out in bold relief. In a few seconds came the dull boom of a cannon, and an eight-inch shell passed close by one of the American ships. A few other shots followed, but did no damage, and soon the American squadron was out of reach of the enemy, in the middle of Manila Bay.

The hours to follow were anxious ones,

and but little sleep was indulged in by any one. As daylight came on, it was discovered that the Spanish warships were indeed in the bay, drawn up in something of a line from the lower part of Manila to the Cavité peninsula, eight miles further south.

The Spanish fleet was a rather formidable one, embracing four cruisers, the *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Don Juan de Austria*, and the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, several gunboats, including the *Isla de Luzon* and *Isla de Cuba*, and a number of smaller craft, including several torpedo boats. At Cavité was a fort mounting a good battery, and there was another battery near the outskirts of Manila.

With the exception of the sea-fight waged off Santiago Bay two months later, the battle of Manila Bay has no parallel in history. For several hours the fight waged furiously, and once the American squadron withdrew for breakfast, and that the commodore might ascertain if any of his vessels were seriously injured. Judge of his astonishment when he learned the good news that not a warship had suffered.

“All’s well!” ran down the line.

“Then we’ll go in and finish them up,” was the answer, and go in the warships did, and soon the enemy’s colors were struck, and Admiral Montojo surrendered. Every one of the Spanish warships was either burnt or sunk, and the surviving sailors and officers got ashore only with the greatest of difficulty. On the American side not a man was killed or a vessel injured!

This wonderful battle and great blow to the Spanish naval power occurred on May 1, 1898. Word of it was at once carried to Hong Kong, the nearest cable station at that time available for use, and the news was flashed to the United States with all speed.

The result was truly electrifying, and it would seem as if for the moment the people would go mad with joy. The telegraph offices and newspaper offices were literally jammed with people trying to learn the particulars.

“Dewey has met the Spanish fleet in the Philippines! He sunk every ship they had and came out of the fight without a scratch!” So the talk ran on, until the

name of the heroic old sea fighter was on every lip.

This battle was important in more ways than one. Since the Civil War our navy had had no opportunity to try its power, and foreign nations were inclined to consider it second-class and of small use against the trained fighters and big warships forming other navies. Now the eyes of the world were opened to the fact that we were a first-class naval power and could handle our ships as well as the best of them.

The announcement of the victory was received with a good deal of satisfaction by President McKinley, and it was not long before he sent his congratulations and thanks to the hero of Manila Bay, as Dewey was affectionately called. For his great victory Dewey was made admiral of the navy, and Congress voted him a beautiful and costly jewelled sword costing many thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XXIII

LOOKING FOR CERVERA'S FLEET — THE WAR ROOM AT WASHINGTON — THE PRESIDENT'S UNDESIRABLE VISITORS — LAYING OUT CAMPAIGNS ON LAND AND SEA

It must not be supposed that matters were allowed to remain at a standstill in and around Cuba during the time that Dewey was preparing to find the Spanish fleet in Philippine waters and engage it. While our army was being placed on a war footing with all possible speed, the North Atlantic Squadron of the navy, under the command of Commodore Sampson, was ordered south, to blockade Havana and other important ports to the east and west of that capital city.

The squadron left Key West on the 22d of April, and before many days had elapsed the warships lay in a grand semicircle outside of Havana, Matanzas, Mariel, Cardenas, Bahia Honda, Cabanas, and other ports in that vicinity, thus cutting off this por-

tion of Cuba from the entire outside world. Of course the blockading of so many ports necessitated the use of many vessels, and the government was forced to purchase ships wherever they could be had. A great number of ocean steamers were thus taken into the service and converted into warships of considerable importance.

At this time Spain had a fleet of warships in European waters, and it soon became known that this fleet was bound westward. Where the fleet intended to strike, if at all, along our Atlantic coast was not known, and much anxiety was experienced in consequence.

"They'll come in and bombard New York or Boston," said some, while others were equally sure they would attack Atlantic City or Asbury Park, or some other coast resort. As a matter of precaution all harbor lights were left unlit at night, and some of the channels were mined with explosives. At the same time Commodore Schley, commanding what was known as the Flying Squadron, containing some of the fastest war vessels afloat, was stationed at Hampton Roads, near Fortress Monroe,

ready to engage the enemy the moment he should appear, or equally ready to go after him as soon as his destination became known.

One of the first demonstrations made in Cuban waters was at Matanzas. Commodore Sampson's flagship, the *New York*, the cruiser *Cincinnati*, and the monitor *Puritan* sailed close in and bombarded the fortifications with such effect that a large portion of the works were completely destroyed. This bombardment speedily showed that our gunners in Atlantic waters were the equal of those in Asiatic waters, and consequently the equal of any gunners in the world.

The bombardment of Matanzas was followed by the bombardment of Cardenas, Mariel, Cienfuegos, and other points in that vicinity, and also the bombardment of San Juan, the capital city of Porto Rico. In the fight at Cardenas three warships, the *Wilmington*, *Hudson*, and *Winslow*, took part in the onslaught, which lasted over an hour. The *Winslow* was a torpedo boat, and while trying to effect a landing, a shot or shell exploded her boilers and magazine,

and several men were killed and wounded, including Ensign Worth Bagley, who was thus the first American officer to fall in the war.

As the blockade of the ports went on, many Spanish ships tried to steal in or out on the sly, and this led to a number of exciting chases and also a little fighting. But our warships were not damaged to any extent by these happenings, and in the end captured over thirty ships, which meant prize money to our officers and jackies amounting to nearly \$5,000,000.

At Washington President McKinley was as busy as ever. The War Room of the chief magistrate became the centre of attraction for army and navy men, as well as of Cabinet officers, and nothing was talked of but what was doing and what was to be done. On the walls hung great maps and charts, and side tables were piled high with books, atlases, and other works of reference. Here every detail of the contest was discussed from every possible point of view, and from this room came many of the orders which resulted in such a speedy and complete overthrow of the power of

Spain in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Of those times one who was close at hand said:—

“It seemed to me the President hardly allowed himself time to eat or sleep in those exciting days. He was up by sunrise, and I know he was often up still after midnight. He had a wonderful memory for facts and figures, and whenever anything was told to him about army or navy affairs he never forgot it. I remember once something was said about supplies at a certain fort along the coast. Nobody seemed to be able to tell what the fort had, and they were going to consult some papers, when the President spoke up and told exactly what the fort had to draw on. Afterward the figures were verified by the Secretary of War.”

This shows well how thoroughly in earnest McKinley was in what he had undertaken to do. At the start he had hoped that war would be avoided, but now that it was thrust upon him he was resolved to bring it to as speedy a termination as possible, and to accomplish this result without injury to private business. As a matter of

fact, business in this country was hardly affected from the opening to the closing of the war, while throughout Spain everything was completely upset.

There was but one thing which President McKinley had to protect himself against during the beginning of the war, and that was the great army of cranks who wished to interview him with a view to protecting our coast, or bringing quick annihilation to the enemy. One man wished to manufacture war balloons carrying a regular battery of guns; another wished to send out balloons carrying oil which should be dropped, while ablaze, on the decks of the enemy's ships, or inside the enemy's forts; another wished to manufacture poisonous bullets and shells, totally unaware that the use of such is against the law of civilized nations; another wished to use powerful drugs in bombshells, which, when they exploded, would put the enemy to sleep; another wanted to supply the soldiers and sailors with suits of clothing which he promised to make bullet-proof; another wished to supply our fighters with food in highly concentrated form, so that several

days' rations could be carried in a pill box in one's pocket; one man was sure he could end the war by "buying up" all the Spanish state officials, and he wished McKinley to appropriate \$100,000,000 for that purpose; another man wanted to sell the government a lot of mirrors.

"This is a sure thing," said the mirror man. "The best thing ever offered to any army, sir."

"But what in the world do you expect the army to do with your mirrors?" questioned the President.

"It is very simple, sir. Every soldier will be given a mirror, and the general in command will be ordered not to fight unless the sun is shining brightly. Then, when the enemy advances, our soldiers can throw the reflection of the sunlight directly into their eyes, thus blinding them, and the rest will be very easy."

It is needless to say that the President declined the suggestion, as he declined the others previously mentioned. The mirror man went off feeling highly indignant, and afterward said he felt sure our country would be defeated, owing to its lack of progressiveness!

Early in the war President McKinley received news from Cuba which was very disappointing. For years the Cubans had claimed that if the United States would only furnish them with arms and ammunition they could easily fight off the Spanish soldiers located in the islands. The Cubans were brave,—of this there can be no doubt,—but an examination proved that their so-called army was sadly lacking in military organization and was so scattered that to bring it together without outside aid would be next to impossible. Consequently any campaign in the island would have to be fought mainly by our own soldier boys, with the Cubans as a secondary aid.

“Never mind, we’ll fight it out for them,” said our soldiers. “Only give us the chance.” And fight it out they did, as we shall see later.

From Hampton Roads the Flying Squadron under Commodore Schley went to Key West and then to Cienfuegos. It was now felt by all that the Spanish fleet, which was known to have sailed westward, must be somewhere in the vicinity of the West Indies. A close watch was kept by every

warship in Cuban waters ; and learning that the enemy was not at Cienfuegos, the Flying Squadron sailed for Santiago Bay, on the south side of Cuba. At the upper part of this bay is located the city of Santiago, a place next in importance to Havana. Hardly was the Flying Squadron in sight of the bay when the discovery was made that the Spanish fleet, under Admiral Cervera, was within.

“Now we’ll do them up as Dewey did at Manila!” cried some of the jackies, but this was, just then, impossible, for the entrance to Santiago harbor is very narrow, and strong fortifications flanked it upon either side. Moreover, the Spaniards had powerful search-lights which they could use at will, so running the batteries at night became out of the question. Accordingly a blockade of the harbor was set by Commodore Schley, which was afterward increased by Commodore Sampson, so that soon the Spanish warships found themselves “bottled up” as tightly as any one could desire.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PRESIDENT AT THE CAMPS — ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS — THE ARMY'S DEPARTURE FOR CUBA — LANDING AT BAIQUIRI — BATTLES OF LA GUASIMA, EL CANEY, AND SAN JUAN HILL

WHILE the army was being placed upon a war footing, President McKinley visited several camps and made himself acquainted with all the details of the gigantic system which was being created whereby our soldiers could be sent to Cuba or elsewhere and in such condition that failure to win out in battle would be next to impossible. He also visited some of the hospitals, and his kind and encouraging words to the sick will not be forgotten.

All over the country the militia were recruiting finely, and to this body of men sworn into the United States service were added the Rough Riders. The lieutenant-colonel of this command was Theodore Roosevelt, who succeeded McKinley as President. Roosevelt was a man who had seen

much of life, a graduate of Harvard who had been at one time a ranchman and hunter of the West, and at another Police Commissioner of New York. When the war broke out, he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but he resigned that position for the sake of active service in the field. He was courageous to the last degree, a perfect shot, a man who knew how to manage men, and beloved by all the rough riders—cowboys and others—who served under him.

Having been sworn into the United States service, the gathering army was quartered at Tampa, Florida, Chattanooga Park, Tennessee, Falls Church, Virginia, and other points farther west. At Tampa the soldiers were put under the leadership of General Joseph Wheeler, an officer who had served with marked distinction in the Confederate army during the Civil War, while among the newly appointed officers was Colonel Bryan, McKinley's former Democratic opponent for the Presidency. Thus was the last of the line between the North and the South wiped out, and all political differences for the time forgotten.

While the troops were gathering at Tampa

and elsewhere, many people of the Nation became impatient and wanted to know why our soldiers did not sail for Cuba at once, to fight the Dons, as the Spanish soldiers were commonly called. They did not realize that to send an army to Cuba would necessitate the use of a large number of ships, and that such a fleet of transports must be adequately protected by warships while making the trip, or the Spanish might swoop down upon them with disastrous results.

“We must make haste, but we must be sure of what we are doing,” said President McKinley, and he pushed forward the purchasing of vessels and supplies with all possible speed.

The flotilla which finally set sail for Cuba was a formidable one, including thirty-two transports and fourteen warships. The transports were crowded with soldiers and officers to the number of nearly seventeen thousand. Of this body the greater part were from the regular army, the volunteers being the Seventy-first New York, the Second Massachusetts, and Roosevelt’s Rough Riders. So crowded were the transports

for space that the Rough Riders had to go into the campaign on foot, leaving their well-trained horses behind.

The destination of our army was the lower coast of Cuba, the intention being to strike at Santiago both by land and by sea. The force was under the command of General Shafter, who, as soon as the vicinity of Santiago was reached, was to confer with Admiral Sampson upon the next move to make against the Spaniards holding the city and the bay.

To the east of Santiago Bay is the bay of Guantanamo, and between these points is the settlement of Baiquiri, having a long dock and a short line of railroad running into a mineral section of the country. It was decided that the army should land on the beach and at the dock at this place; and to humbug the Spaniards concerning what was going on, several warships were sent away to bombard another point, while the Cuban patriots in that vicinity were asked to make a charge in still another direction.

The landing was made with caution, but there was no attack by the enemy, and soon



President Roosevelt.

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after the troops were ashore General Lawton, afterward so well known for his daring military work in the Philippines, threw out a strong picket guard on the Santiago highway westward, and on the roads running north and east.

The day after landing, the troops moved through Juragua to La Guasima, and it was here that the first resistance of the Spanish army was felt. A sharp skirmish that developed into a regular battle ensued, in which some Regular Infantry and Roosevelt's Rough Riders took the principal part. After the loss of about sixty killed and wounded, the enemy were driven back, and our own troops then took up another position which was considered safer to hold.

This portion of Cuba is much broken by mountains and hills, and the roads through the jungles are narrow and in a bad condition. Consequently, the progress of the army was slow. Everything that the Spanish mind could devise to stop the progress of the Americans was used, from pitfalls in the roads to barbed wire fences running through the undergrowth. The Spanish sharpshooters were located at various high

points, and they picked off our officers and men at every available opportunity.

General Shafter's plan was to form a semicircle around Santiago, starting from El Caney on the north and running in an irregular line to Aguadores on the south. He had now with him some additional troops, yet the line to be covered was nearly twenty miles long, consequently the picket guard at some points was exceedingly thin.

The troops under General Shafter consisted of two divisions of infantry, two brigades of cavalry, and two brigades of light and four brigades of heavy artillery. As we know, the Rough Riders were without horses, and the artillery found it next to impossible to move about, owing to the bad roads.

It was not until the end of June that the American and the Spanish armies faced each other for the battles of El Caney and San Juan hill. Each force occupied a semicircle as before mentioned, that of the Spanish lying of course between the American line and the city of Santiago. North of the line, at the head of Santiago Bay, were

stationed the Cuban troops under General Garcia, put there to prevent the enemy from bringing to the front extra troops lying on the west of the bay.

The attack began on July 1, and practically occupied the whole line, although the principal fighting was at El Caney and at San Juan. These hills commanded a good view of Santiago, and the Spaniards had fortified them well, knowing that if they were captured by our forces, artillery would be placed there and Santiago would be bombarded until it surrendered.

It was gallant General Lawton who commanded at El Caney. This heroic and daring leader had with him some Regular Infantry, Capron's battery, and the Second Massachusetts Volunteers. The battery opened fire at half-past six in the morning, and soon the booming of cannon was heard on every side. Then the soldiers advanced on the double-quick, along trails and through dense undergrowth, climbing the wire fences, and leaping the pitfalls dug to receive them. The main points of attack were a quaint blockhouse and an old stone church, with some other buildings close by.

"Down with the Dons! Remember the *Maine!*" was the war-cry heard upon every side, and forward went the troops, with Chaffee's brigade to the northeast, Miles's to the west, and Ludlow's to the south. From the blockhouse and the old stone church the Spaniards sent a galling fire, and many a poor soldier went down to rise no more. So great was the slaughter in one locality that it has since been called "The Hornets' Nest." But our brave boys kept on, until presently the first of the Spanish intrenchments were gained. Then the enemy fled toward the church and blockhouse.

"Who'll go ahead?" was the cry that arose. Who? Everybody! There was a wild cheering, and up the hillside scrambled company after company, while the battery continued to send shot after shot over their heads into the midst of the enemy's ranks. Then came another halt in front of the blockhouse, the Spaniards fighting with the desperation of despair. The flag was shot down, but a Spanish soldier lad quickly picked it up and held it aloft. In justice to the enemy it must be stated that the hill was not taken until nearly every defender

of the blockhouse had given up his life for his country.

The losses at El Caney were heavy, and one portion of the battle has well been designated "The Slaughter Pen," for here scores of brave soldiers fell while trying to cross a barbed wire fence and mount the slippery hill beyond. Some of the charges will live for a long time in history, and those who participated in them have every reason to be proud of their gallant services. It is no light thing to face death and to do it as unflinchingly as did the heroes of El Caney. And when it is remembered that some who took part had never before been under fire, the credit is even more deserving.

While the struggle was going on for the possession of El Caney hill to the northward, the American troops in the vicinity of San Juan hill were by no means idle. Grimes's battery had been stationed on El Pozo heights, and from this point threw a telling fire toward San Juan, which was crowded with Spanish troops, stationed in a blockhouse and in a long line of intrenchments.

The advance was led in part by General

Kent, having with him a number of Regulars, and the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, and by trustworthy General Wheeler, leading the Regular cavalry and the Rough Riders. The advance was made across a mountain stream and through rough undergrowth and grass beaten down by recent rains. In the undergrowth the barbed wire fencing was thick, and at some places it was impossible to pass through before the wires were cut. Here many were shot down, the Spanish sharpshooters taking advantage of every halt made.

But the progress of the Americans could not be stopped, and led by Wheeler, Roosevelt, and other fearless officers, they mounted the side of the hill amid a fierce firing from the Spaniards. Bullets whistled in all directions, and overhead burst many shells, dealing out death and destruction. Some of our soldiers used rifles with old-fashioned powder, making a great smoke, and thus served as a mark for the enemy's gunners, of which the Spaniards were not slow to take advantage. The final shock came at the blockhouse, where steel met steel, and many fought face to face until one or the

other laid down his life for his cause. But in the end the enemy was forced to retreat, and this kept up until night brought the fighting to a close.

On July 2 the fighting was renewed with more or less spirit in several directions, but the Spaniards had suffered severely, and by dark they had again retreated, this time to the outer defences of Santiago itself. Seeing this, General Shafter sent word that he must have more troops, and six thousand additional soldiers reached him eight days after the battle. Then the American lines were drawn around Santiago as closely as possible, siege guns and other heavy artillery were posted on the hills which had been captured, and all other preparations were made to bombard the city and thus force it to surrender.

CHAPTER XXV

BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO BAY—SINKING OF THE *MERRIMac*—"THE ENEMY IS ESCAPING!"—DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH WAR-SHIPS—END OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

THE gallant work done by our army in Cuba was hailed with great satisfaction by the whole Nation, but it is safe to say that nobody was more pleased with results than was President McKinley. Having been on a peace footing for so many years, many had imagined, both at home and abroad, that our soldiers could do little or nothing when put in the field, and some had even gone so far as to call them "paper soldiers." But the battles of El Caney and San Juan let the world know that Americans could fight on land as well as on sea, and henceforth grumbling in all quarters became a thing of the past.

Now that Admiral Cervera was "bottled up," as it was termed, in Santiago Bay, those in authority were very much afraid

that he with his war-ships would try to escape during some dark night or in a dense fog, when the American ships would fail to see him, even with their search-lights. The blockade was made as effective as possible, but at times foul weather made it necessary for the ships to stand off miles from the coast.

“You must not permit them to escape,” said the President to the Secretary of War. “If they attempt to do so, they must be struck down as were the ships in Manila Bay.”

Late in May there had been some talk of blockading the channel leading to Santiago Bay, and early in June the attempt was made by Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson. Lieutenant Hobson’s plan, approved by his superior, was to sink an iron steamboat, the *Merrimac*, directly in the centre of the channel, thus blocking it completely. Volunteers were called for; and although the mission was known to be highly dangerous, for the ship would have to be taken in close to the Spanish batteries, hundreds begged to be allowed to serve.

The crew for the occasion was composed

of seven as heroic men as can be found anywhere, and the run toward the mouth of the bay was made early in the morning of June 3d. The *Merrimac* was sunk partly in and partly out of the channel, swinging somewhat out of her course while settling, and thus failing to accomplish the purpose of the daring plan. Those on board tried to escape, but were discovered, and amid a rain of shot and shell were followed by a Spanish launch and made prisoners. It may be as well to state that later on Hobson and his men were set free. Their daring attempt will live in history for many years to come.

On July 1 and 2 occurred the land battles just described, and on the morning of July 3 Admiral Cervera attempted to run the blockade which Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley had kept up so vigilantly. It was a Sunday morning, bright and clear, and Admiral Sampson had gone off with his flagship, the *New York*, to confer with General Shafter at Siboney, leaving the blockade in charge of Commodore Schley, with his flagship, the cruiser *Brooklyn*, and with the battle-ships *Oregon*,

Iowa, *Indiana*, and *Texas*, the converted yacht *Gloucester*, and the *Vixen*. There were other vessels, but they were too far off to get into the soul-stirring contest which followed.

The Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera consisted of four cruisers, the *Vizcaya*, the *Maria Teresa*, the *Almirante Oquendo*, and the *Cristobal Colon*, and two torpedo boats, the *Furor* and *Pluton*. The *Maria Teresa* was the first war-ship to show herself around the bend of the channel leading out of the harbor, and at once there was a commotion throughout all the American ships which had waited in the hot summer sun so long for this fight.

"*The enemy is escaping!*" was the signal that was hoisted, and soon a cannon boomed out, followed by another and then another. "*Remember the Maine!*" was the rallying cry, and at once all steam was being put on and gunners were stripping for this contest, which was to equal in many respects the remarkable battle of Manila Bay.

As the Spanish ships turned to run along the western coast beyond Santiago Bay,

the American ships sent a storm of steel in upon them, while the *Gloucester* ran in and speedily sunk one of the torpedo boats. One of the first of the ships in the battle was our noble *Oregon*, which had made the journey from San Francisco clear round Cape Horn, South America, to be on hand when needed! And right well did the *Oregon* show her mettle, as did every other war-ship around her.

The sinking of one torpedo boat was followed by the sinking of the second. The fight was now bent on the cruisers, and soon the *Teresa* was so badly riddled that she was run ashore to save her crew from drowning. Half a mile farther on the *Oquendo* also turned in, burning fiercely from stem to stern.

But to bring these vessels down had taken time, and now the two remaining ships were doing their best to escape, knowing full well that to stand and engage our powerful ships with their well-trained gunners would be suicidal. In the lead was the *Colon*, with the *Vizcaya* not far behind.

“We must catch them! We mustn’t let

a ship get away ! ” was the cry which rang out on one American ship and another, and on went the fastest of our ships, the *Oregon* leading, and the *Texas* and *Brooklyn* not far behind. The *Iowa* and *Indiana* now dropped out to keep an eye on the ships which had gone ashore and on the harbor, for it was thought there might still be other Spanish ships in hiding there.

At last it was seen that the *Vizcaya* was burning fiercely, and that she, too, was turning in shore. At this point on land was a portion of the Cuban army, and the *Iowa* was directed to stand by and see that the suffering enemy was cared for, for there had been several serious explosions on the *Vizcaya*, and it was known that hundreds must be dead or dying.

Only the *Colon* now remained in the race, and she was straining every nerve to get away. But the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* followed her relentlessly, and when their heaviest guns fired over and into her she hauled down her flag and turned in shore.

The news of the combined victories on land and sea in the vicinity of Santiago

Bay reached this country on the evening of July 3, and never was there a greater or more glorious Fourth of July than that which followed. Cannons boomed as never before, parades were had everywhere, and bonfires and fireworks lasted far into the night. Of our ships, although struck many times, not one was seriously injured, while but one man had been killed and only half a dozen hurt.

President McKinley had worked hard to bring the campaign against Santiago to a speedy and victorious conclusion. He had urged all in command to hurry matters as much as possible, and the result proved the wisdom of his course. In less than ninety days after war became a certainty he had the army and navy on a proper war footing and Spain was given two blows on the sea and one blow on land from which recovery was well-nigh impossible. It was the President himself who dictated the message to Dewey which resulted in the victory of Manila Bay, and this message was sent after a number of his advisers had protested, on the ground that we were hardly prepared to meet the enemy. It was the

President who hurried the Regulars, the Rough Riders, and other troops into Cuba, and who ordered that the blockade of Santiago Bay must be made absolutely perfect. Not only this, but he sent a part of the army, under General Miles, into Porto Rico to subdue that Spanish possession, and asked the War Department to hold a fleet of ships in readiness to harass the coast of Spain itself, should it become necessary to do so. Throughout the whole contest he showed himself really and truly not alone the Chief Magistrate, but also the Commander in Chief of the Army and the Navy.

With her war-ships at the bottom of the sea, and her army around Santiago and in Porto Rico reduced and hemmed in, Spain could scarcely hope to continue the struggle, and soon came a cessation of hostilities pending negotiations for peace. The matter was placed in the hands of President McKinley and his advisers, and on August 9, Spain accepted the terms of peace as offered by our President. Thus the war with Spain came to an end.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SITUATION IN THE PHILIPPINES — FALL OF MANILA — PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S VIEWS — CAMPAIGNS AGAINST MALOLOS AND SAN ISIDRO

THE war with Spain, instituted solely for the purpose of helping the Cubans to establish their liberty, threw into the hands of the United States the island of Porto Rico, quite a valuable possession, and also all the rights Spain possessed in the twelve hundred islands composing the Philippine Archipelago.

At this time the situation in the Philippines was a delicate one. As in Cuba, there had been numerous revolutions there, and the Filipinos were fighting for their liberty when war between Spain and the United States was declared. The Filipinos were now willing to take sides with the Americans, but they wanted to do this only in order to have the country to themselves as soon as Spain should be driven out.

It had been an easy matter for Admiral

Dewey to sink the warships of Admiral Montojo, but with only a handful of sailors and marines it was absurd to think of capturing or trying to hold the city of Manila itself.

When the war with Spain broke out, nobody had any idea that we should have to ship our soldiers half around the world, to fight in a country that was new and strange to nearly all of us. Up to that time the Philippines were known only to a few traders, and the trade with the United States amounted to very little. The people were strangers to us, just as they were to a large part of the rest of the world.

But President McKinley had put his hand to the plough, and with him, when once this was done there was no turning back. As soon after Dewey's victory as possible, extra volunteers for Philippine service were called for, and on May 25 the first detachment left San Francisco, under command of Brigadier-general Thomas A. Anderson. This expedition was followed by one under General Green, and a third under General McArthur. These forces numbered about eleven thousand officers and men.

Admiral Dewey's war-ships lay in the bay of Cavité, and it was at and near the latter place that the troops landed. Without delay preparations were made to attack Manila city with as much vigor as Dewey had exhibited in attacking the war-ships in the bay, whose battered wrecks still dotted the shore.

At this time the Filipino army consisted of about twelve thousand men. The insurgents were commanded by General Emilio Aguinaldo, who had set up a republic of his own, of which he was the President and of which he afterward became Dictator. Aguinaldo was both shrewd and daring, and it was largely through him that the struggle in the Philippines was continued for so long a time.

General Merritt was in command of the American forces, and on August 9 he and Admiral Dewey united in a demand on the Spanish governor-general of the Philippines for a surrender of the city, under threat of bombardment. The governor wished time for consultation, but this was denied; and on the 13th the city was attacked, and, after some sharp fighting, captured.

The insurgents were anxious to get into the city immediately after it was taken, for the purpose of looting it, but this was prevented by the Americans. This made Aguinaldo and his followers very angry, and from that moment the friendliness between our troops and those of the Filipino rebels ceased. Soon came an open rupture and a fight of more or less importance, and then followed the war in the Philippines which cost the lives of thousands of brave Yankee soldiers, and equally brave but misguided Filipinos.

Soon after the city was taken our army was increased to thirty thousand men and placed in charge of Brigadier-general Elwell S. Otis, who was also made military governor of the Philippines. The insurgents became active, and an attempt was made to burn Manila, but this plan failed. Then began a campaign along the railroad running from the capital city to Dagupan, resulting in the capture of Caloocan, Malabon, Polo, and the rebel capital, Malolos. Here our soldier boys endeavored to catch the wily Aguinaldo, but he was on the alert and escaped in the direction of San Isidro.

In the United States, opinions were very much divided upon the question of what should be done with the Philippines. Many were opposed to what they called Imperialism, and claimed that the United States had no right to take the islands, but should give them into the hands of the Filipinos led by Aguinaldo. But the so-called Filipino government was only such in name, and had this been done, it is more than likely that the Filipinos would have had constant revolutions among themselves, attended with great slaughter, and in the end foreign powers might have treated them far worse than we proposed to treat them.

“It is our plain duty to take hold out there,” said President McKinley. “We must protect them, both from themselves and from the world at large. We must restore order and civil power, and teach them the art and science of real civilization. We must give them good roads, good schools, good courts of justice, open up the industries and commerce of the islands, and assist them in all those things in which they need assistance.” These were not his

exact words, but it was what he meant and the policy which he carried out to the letter.

President McKinley had appointed a Philippine Commission to go to Manila and deal with the Philippine question as justly and humanely as possible. This commission now issued a proclamation calling on the rebels to surrender and promising them the many good things enumerated above. But many of the more ignorant could not read the proclamation after they received it, and some of the leaders went among the people and said it was merely a Yankee trick, and that if they submitted they would be treated worse than when under Spanish rule. So the proclamation did little good, and the war went on, laying the country waste for miles around and involving the continued loss of brave lives.

One of the most gallant fighters in the Philippines at this time was Major-general Henry W. Lawton, who had made for himself such a record at the battle of El Caney. Lawton was a veteran of the Civil War, and had spent years in tracking the Indians of the West. He was fearless to the last

degree, which is proved by the fact that he died on the firing line after covering himself with glory in more than one brilliant campaign.

While one body of the Filipino insurgents had gone northward from Manila, another body operated in the east, and it was General Lawton, who, after the fall of Malolos, engaged this eastern army on the shores of Laguna de Bay. Here a victory of some importance was gained, and the insurgents were scattered in several directions, the most of them fleeing northward to join the balance of the army in that territory.

The rainy season in the Philippines was now but a few weeks off, and it was felt by General Otis that if Aguinaldo and his followers were to be defeated, another movement must be started against them without delay. A campaign was formed whereby General McArthur at Malolos was to strike out northward, while General Lawton was to aim for San Isidro in something of a semi-circle. Thus if the rebels were defeated at Calumpit and tried to fall back to the mountains, General Lawton would be on hand to cut them off.

The advance of General McArthur was comparatively easy, although several severe engagements were fought. But the advance under General Lawton taxed his troops to the utmost. The route lay directly through the jungle, where the roads were extremely bad, and where many streams with broken bridges had to be crossed. A hundred and fifty miles were covered in twenty days, and during that time the soldiers fought twenty-two battles and captured twenty-eight towns and a large quantity of army supplies.

But the wily Aguinaldo was not to be captured, and when San Isidro was taken, he and his army immediately fell back to Tarlac and to the mountains. The rainy season was now on in all of its fury, the waters in all streams and lakes rising to a great height, and for the time being further pursuit became out of the question.

The Filipinos had sued for peace, and now they sued again. But they wanted everything settled upon their own terms, and much as he desired to see peace established, President McKinley, backed by his official advisers, had to decline their terms. Our

people everywhere pitied the condition of the Insurgents, but it was felt that now Old Glory had been planted in the islands the supremacy of the United States must be firmly established.

CHAPTER XXVII

ADDITIONAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE PHILIPPINES—MCKINLEY'S REELECTION TO OFFICE—THE TROUBLES IN CHINA—CAPTURE OF TIEN-TSIN

DURING the rainy season in the Philippines preparations were made on a large scale to bring the fighting in the islands to a close. Our troops had much to contend with, in the shape of sickness and fevers, bad roads and scanty supplies, and it was found that to draw the rebels from their mountain retreats was by no means easy. Sometimes the Filipinos would show themselves, make a quick attack on some point, and then disappear from view before any troops could be brought forward to give them battle. The territory was so immense that to garrison even a fair portion of it was next to impossible with the soldiers available for that purpose.

But President McKinley was determined to push ahead with all vigor, and through him extra soldiers and vast amounts of

supplies were shipped to Manila and other points. In the meantime some of our troops and war-ships had attacked other islands than Luzon, and many seaport towns were held by us.

As soon as the rainy season let up, General Lawton instituted another campaign in the vicinity of the Laguna de Bay, capturing many insurgents and supplies and several towns, some of which were garrisoned as well as the strength of his command permitted. Then Lawton turned northward again, and a second campaign ensued against Aguinaldo, with the object, if possible, of hemming in the rebel leader completely. This campaign resulted in the fall of Magalang, Bongabong, Tarlac, and Dagupan, the end of the railroad line. The rebels were chased into the mountains in all directions, many were captured, and large quantities of stores and ammunition taken. Among the prisoners made was Aguinaldo's private secretary and several of his staff officers, but, as before, the Dictator himself could not be found.

In the meantime General Wheaton had conducted an expedition which landed on

San Fabian beach, and after some hot fighting occupied San Fabian. From this town the troops moved to San Jacinto, and then, after more fighting, joined McArthur's column. Fighting in the mountains occurred in several directions, and at last the Americans pushed through to Subic Bay and northward to Laoag. At the latter place the Filipinos were holding two thousand Spanish soldiers prisoners. As the war between the United States and Spain was now over, our soldiers released the Spaniards, much to their delight.

December found Lawton again operating farther to the south, and the middle of the month found this gallant commander at San Meteo. During a violent rainstorm on the 19th, the general went out on the firing line, and the bullet from a sharpshooter's rifle laid him low. His death came as a great shock to all who knew him, and no one mourned for him more sincerely than did President McKinley, who had known the plucky fighter for years. Had he lived, there is small doubt but that General Lawton would have gone high up among our military commanders.

In the end of December there was a plot to attack all the Americans in the city of Manila. About a thousand natives were concerned in this, but the plot miscarried, and many natives were arrested. After that the military guard in the city was doubled, and every effort made to guard against a surprise.

To go into the details of the warfare which followed in various parts of the islands is needless, although in some cases these details would prove very interesting. The rebels continued their guerilla method of warfare, swooping down on a small garrison here or there, and then disappearing as rapidly as they had come. In many places they made the peaceful natives contribute heavily to their support, and if the help demanded was not forthcoming, villages were burnt and rice fields laid waste.

Aguinaldo was now waiting only for the next Presidential election in the United States. As said before, many of our people were not in favor of laying claim to the Philippines, contending that such a move would be imperialistic. Some of the most

hot-headed declared that McKinley was trying to create an empire, over which he might be emperor. Nothing was further from our worthy President's mind. He simply wished to do his duty, and he considered that it was the duty of the United States to govern the Philippines, and to aid the Filipinos in every way possible, until law and order was restored, and they were educated up to the point where they could do for themselves.

Early in the new year, 1900, the Insurgents became more than usually active south of Manila, and Generals Wheaton and Schwan were sent to drive them back. The Laguna de Bay became once more the scene of several battles, and the rebels were driven away from this lake, and also away from the vicinity of Lake Taal. Batangas was captured, and some of our troops moved both south and west, with considerable success.

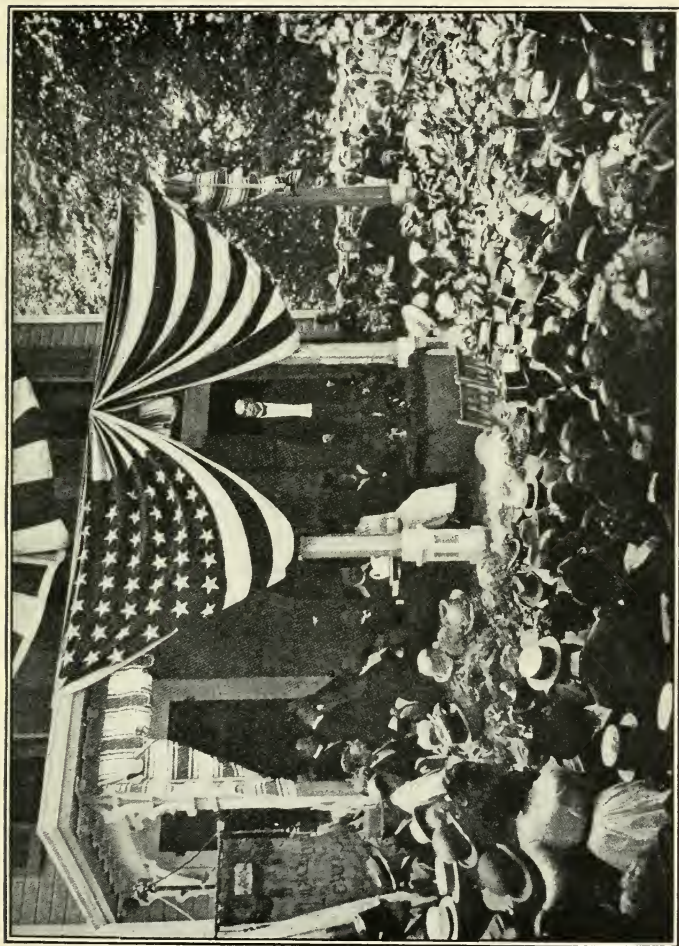
In the meantime the campaign on the north had again reopened. The Insurgents were more badly scattered than ever, and could get together a regiment of soldiery only with the greatest of difficulty. There was

some fighting in several other islands, yet this amounted to but little.

On June 19 the Republican party met once more to nominate their candidates for President and Vice-President. The gathering was a notable one, all the party leaders being present. The convention was held in the Exposition Building, Philadelphia, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Over the main entrance hung a mammoth picture of McKinley, and the name of the President was heard upon every lip. He was nominated amid wild enthusiasm, the hand-clapping, stamping, and shouting lasting half an hour.

For Vice-President the nomination fell upon Theodore Roosevelt, the man who had served so well as governor of New York, and who was so well known as the gallant leader of the daring Rough Riders. Roosevelt tried in vain to decline the honor. The party insisted upon his accepting, and this made him what he has since become, — our twenty-sixth President.

In opposition to McKinley and Roosevelt the Democratic party placed in the field Colonel Bryan, who had been up for the



McKinley delivering Speech of Acceptance, July 12, 1900.

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Presidency four years before, and Adlai Stevenson. A bitter contest lasting up to the hour of election ensued, the main points at issue being imperialism, as the Democrats termed it, trusts, and the old silver issue. But the personal popularity of President McKinley could not be overcome, nor could the army and political record of Theodore Roosevelt be assailed, and the two were elected by a large majority.

His second election to the Presidency was highly gratifying to President McKinley, not so much because he wished the office, but because it showed that the great majority of his fellow-citizens approved of his actions in the war with Spain, and in dealing with the Philippine question.

During the campaign something happened which caused great alarm throughout the country, and was the cause of sending some of our soldiers to China. This disturbance is known as the Boxers' Uprising of 1900.

In China there is a certain society of men called the Boxers who are much opposed to all foreigners. The Boxers had been worrying the missionaries and tradesmen of all other nations a great deal, and matters

were brought to a head by a revolt in the great Chinese city of Peking, during which the German State Minister was shot down. Some of the Chinese soldiers joined in the Boxer movement, and the foreigners in and around Peking were compelled to seek shelter and protection in the various buildings and grounds of the legations. Here they took a stand with guns and a small field-piece, determined to hold out to the last, and sell their lives if necessary as dearly as possible.

Among those to suffer were a number of Americans, missionaries and others, and as soon as our country was notified of this, President McKinley took steps looking to their rescue. An international army and a navy was hastily formed, composed of soldiers and sailors, as well as war-ships, belonging to the United States, England, Germany, France, Japan, and several other nations, and an attack was begun on the Taku forts, at the mouth of the Pei-ho River.

The bombardment of the forts was a furious one, and they soon capitulated, and then the Allied Troops, as they were termed, took possession of Taku and also Tongku, on the other side of the broad river, where

there was the end of a railroad line running along the Pei-ho to Tien-Tsin, about twenty-seven miles inland.

At Tien-Tsin the foreigners were suffering fully as much as at Peking, and hither the Allied forces moved. A series of battles lasting several days ensued, and finally the Allies got possession of one part of Tien-Tsin. More fighting followed, and at last the Boxers fled, the majority toward Peking.

General Chaffee was in command of the American soldiers, which numbered several thousand. All told, there were at least forty thousand Allies in the field, but of these only sixteen thousand participated in the attack on Peking itself. The distance from Tien-Tsin to Peking is about eighty miles, and the enemy made several halts on the route, stopping to give battle and then fleeing with all the swiftness at their command. To the American soldiers, fighting against the Chinese was a great novelty.

"I fought in Cuba and in the Philippines," said one old regular, in telling about it afterward, "but I never saw any-

thing like that in my whole life. The Boxers had the whole battlefield filled with banners, and they kept up the greatest lot of dum-dumming on their drums you ever heard. They were fantastically dressed, some in long robes that were continually in the way when they wanted to move around, and some of the officers actually carried their fans and had servants to carry their big parasols. Some of the poor fellows wore garments with strange symbols on them, thinking that they would be saved thereby from getting shot. And the strangest part of it all was that many of them, when they were shot, would simply crouch up in a little heap to die, without letting anybody touch them to turn them over to a surgeon or give them aid."

CHAPTER XXVIII

RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS IN PEKIN — THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS ON CHINA — CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO — HIS PEACE MANIFESTO — THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP TO THE WEST

THE taking of Peking was as picturesque as it was daring. This immense city has a high stone wall around it, the building of which dates back many centuries. The wall is broad at the top, and at various points there are watch-towers or forts. Both walls and forts were guarded by thousands of Boxers, as were also the huge gateways leading into the city.

The majority of the Allies had come up by way of Peitsang and Tung-Chow, but others, including the Japanese, had taken a different route. While the sturdy Japanese soldiers attacked at one point, the Americans, English, and Germans attacked at another. There was heavy firing at various points, lasting several hours. Then the Russians joined the Japanese, and at-

tacked beyond the grand canal. The artillery fire was terrific, lasting from three in the morning until five in the afternoon. The eastern gate of the city was completely demolished, and the soldiers rushed through, planting the flags of Russia and Japan upon the top of the great wall.

The entrance to the great city was made by the Americans and the English at the southeast gate. As soon as these troops were inside, they fought their way toward the legations, where the foreigners had now been besieged for fifty-six days. An entrance into the compound, or grounds, of the English legation was effected through the water gate of the canal, and here those within, including many Americans, were found safe and sound, although suffering somewhat from their long confinement.

The rescuing of the foreigners from the clutches of the bloodthirsty Boxers was a grand event, and when the soldiers came pouring in, many cheered and not a few wept for joy. The band played, camp-fires were lit, and, led by an elderly minister, Americans and English joined fervidly in singing the Doxology, praising God for

leading them through their great peril in safety.

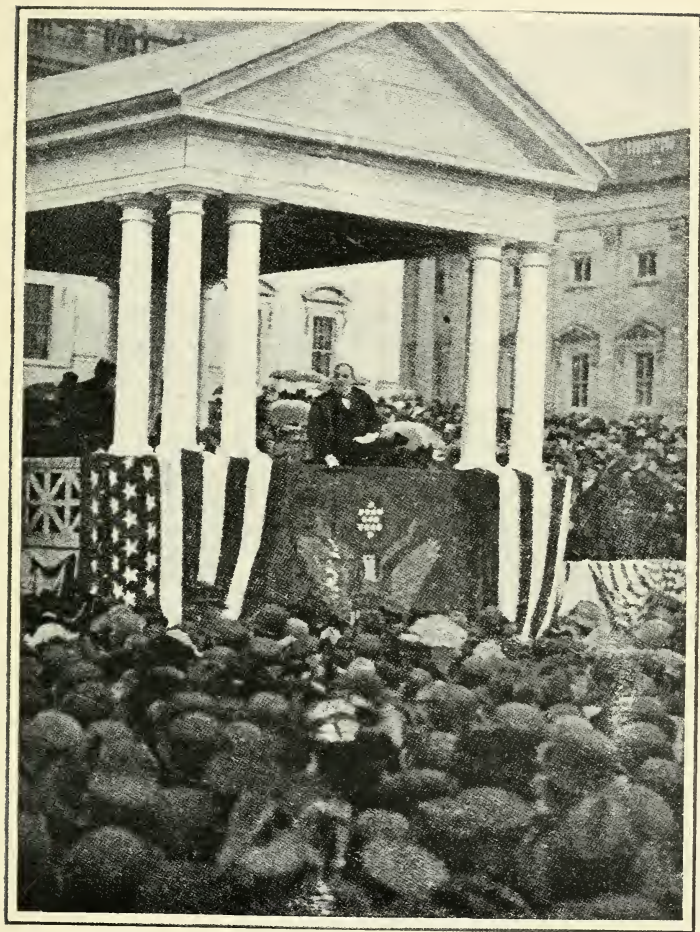
If President McKinley had shown a high degree of statesmanship in his dealings with affairs in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, he now showed equal sagacity in dealing with the Chinese question. The Chinese government professed to have nothing in common with the Boxer movement, nevertheless the nations of Europe wished China to suffer heavily for what had occurred, and for a time it looked as if the whole Chinese Empire must be broken up and divided among the other nations of the world.

“This must not be,” said the President. “While we must compel China to do her duty, we must also help her to hold her own.” And working along these lines he soon gave the world to understand that the United States did not favor the dismemberment of the Celestial Empire, and so strong was our influence in that direction that in the end the most of the foreign soldiers were withdrawn from China, and the Emperor was asked to settle the difficulty by a money consideration.

The second inauguration of President McKinley was a grand spectacle, the like of which had never before been seen in this country. In the review were representatives from Hawaii, Port Rico, and the Philippines, and each of these new territories vied with the others in doing him honor.

A Peace Commission was already at work, under the directions of the President, endeavoring to settle the Chinese and other troublesome questions. Soon after the President went into office a second time civil government was established in Porto Rico and in certain parts of the Philippines. But in the latter islands General Aguinaldo was still at large, and until he was caught it was felt that the rebellion would go on there, although it was now carried on solely in guerilla fashion.

At last General Frederick Funston, who had already made, by dash and daring, a well-known name for himself, resolved, by hook or by crook, to capture the wily Filipino chief. Some Insurgents had surrendered, and from these he learned that Aguinaldo was in a distant part of the



The second inaugural address. March 4, 1901.

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island, waiting for another Filipino leader to send him reënforcements.

General Funston's plan was to take some of the native troops then in the service of the United States and disguise them as the awaited reënforcements. With this body were to go a number of American officers and soldiers, who were supposed to be prisoners taken on the way.

To reach the district where Aguinaldo was in hiding was by no means easy, and several times the expedition came close to falling into a trap and being slaughtered by the savage tribe which lived there, and which knew little or nothing of civilization, Malayan or otherwise.

But with his accustomed bravery and pluck General Funston pushed forward, and at last, by means of decoy letters, reached the spot where Aguinaldo and his staff, with a handful of soldiers, awaited the supposed reënforcements. The surprise was complete, and though some resistance was offered, it was of no avail, and soon the Dictator, who had eluded capture for two years, found himself a prisoner. He was taken, under a strong guard, to Manila, and

there, on April 9, 1901, he signed a peace manifesto which virtually brought the war in the Philippines to an end, although it is probable that isolated attacks on United States authority in out-of-the-way places are likely to occur for several years to come. Many of the natives are very ignorant and savage, and they will have to be dealt with very much as our country was compelled to deal with the bloodthirsty Apaches and Modocs of our own West.

As said before, the President had always been a good speechmaker, and I cannot refrain from introducing extracts of two of his addresses delivered at this time. While speaking of the war with Spain, he said:—

“Our glorious old flag, the symbol of liberty, floats to-day over two hemispheres. During the recent war we had exhibitions of unprecedented patriotism on the part of the people, and unmatched heroism on the part of our soldiers and sailors. Our second great triumph is the triumph of prosperity. The busy mills, the active industries, the general prosperity, have scattered plenty o’er a smiling country. Our third great triumph is the triumph we have had over

sectionalism. We are no longer a divided people, and he who would stir up animosities between North and South is denied a hearing in both sections. The boys of the South and the boys of the North fought triumphantly on land and sea in every engagement during our war."

This address was delivered at Canton, Ohio. Several days later he spoke in Chicago, to an audience numbering thousands, as follows:—

"The United States never struck a blow except for civilization and never struck its colors. Has the pyramid lost any of its strength? Has the Republic lost any of its virility? Has the self-governing principle been weakened? Is there any present menace to our stability and duration? These questions bring but one answer. The Republic is sturdier and stronger than ever before. Government by the people has been advanced. Freedom under the flag is more universal than when the Union was formed. Our steps have been forward, not backward. From Plymouth Rock to the Philippines, the grand triumphant march of human liberty has never paused.

“Has patriotism died out in the hearts of the people? Witness the 250,000 men springing to arms and in thirty days organized into regiments for the Spanish war, and a million more ready to respond, and the more recent enlistment of 70,000 men, with many other thousands anxious to enlist, but whose services were not needed.

“Has American heroism declined? The shattered and sinking fleets of the Spanish navy at Manila and at Santiago, the charges of San Juan and El Caney, and the intrepid valor and determination of our gallant troops in more than forty engagements in Luzon, attest the fact that the American soldier and sailor have lost none of the qualities which made our early army and navy illustrious and invincible.

“May we not feel assured that if we do our duty, the Providence which favored the undertakings of the fathers, and every step of our progress since, will continue His watchful care and guidance over us, and that the hand that led us to our present place will not relax His grasp until we have reached the glorious goal He has fixed for us in the achievement of His end?”

As our country was now once again at peace with the whole world, President McKinley was urged by many of his friends and admirers to make a trip to the West, and he started on April 29, taking Mrs. McKinley with him. In the past he had visited the South and the Northeast, and his reception had been a right royal one. Now, from Washington to San Francisco he received a perfect ovation, thousands upon thousands of citizens gathering to do him honor, as he passed from town to town and city to city.

But Mrs. McKinley's health was not good, and at the height of its success, the trip had to be abandoned, much to the regret of all who had thus far failed to see their beloved leader. The sympathy of the whole nation was with Mrs. McKinley in her suffering, and all wished her a speedy recovery. The President and his wife returned to Washington, and here our chief magistrate lingered fondly over the sick-bed of his life companion until she recovered as fully as her delicate constitution permitted. The President's intense devotion to his wife at this time showed fully the breadth and

depth of his loving nature. For her he gave up his triumphal trip without a moment's hesitation, his one thought being for her welfare and comfort. In this there is a lesson in unselfishness which all may learn with profit.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION—THE PRESIDENT'S
LAST SPEECH—THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC—THE
ASSASSINATION—LAST WORDS OF A TRULY GREAT
MAN

IN the spring of 1901 the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo, New York, was opened with great enthusiasm and in the presence of a vast multitude of people. The grounds, lying on the outskirts of the city, were tastefully laid out and contained some of the finest buildings ever seen at any exposition. The electric display was largely in the line of a novelty, rendering the grounds at night almost as light as during the day.

At this exposition the United States government had a large exhibit, embracing different branches of the public service, including the army and navy, the post-office, mint, lighthouses, state and interior departments, and many others, all housed

in a large building which speedily became one of the most popular places on the fair grounds. Other governments from Central and South America also had buildings and exhibits there, and Mexico, Canada, and the great Northwest Territory were not absent.

The Exposition speedily attracted visitors by the thousands, and it was peculiarly fitting that our worthy President should also visit the grounds and should there address the multitudes who would gather to hear him. It was a fair for all the Americas, North, Central, and South, and it was felt that nothing should be left undone to bring in closer communion and interest the various nations of the New World.

During the summer it was found that Mrs. McKinley had sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, and all arrangements were made to entertain the President and his wife in Buffalo for a week or longer, during which they might not only visit the fair, but also make a trip to Niagara Falls, which is but a short distance away.

The coming of the President was hailed with delight by all the people of Buffalo, and every arrangement was made which might add to the comfort and pleasure of himself and his wife. The party became the guests of Mr. Milburn, the president of the Exposition, and several days were spent by President McKinley, both at the fair grounds and in a last visit to Niagara Falls. Both the President and his wife greatly enjoyed all they saw, although Mrs. McKinley was much fatigued by the traveling.

On September 5 the President delivered an address at the Exposition grounds which aroused great interest everywhere. Among the notable things said at that time were the following : —

“Expositions are the timekeepers of progress.”

“Comparison of ideas is always educational.”

“The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem.”

“Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict ; and that our real

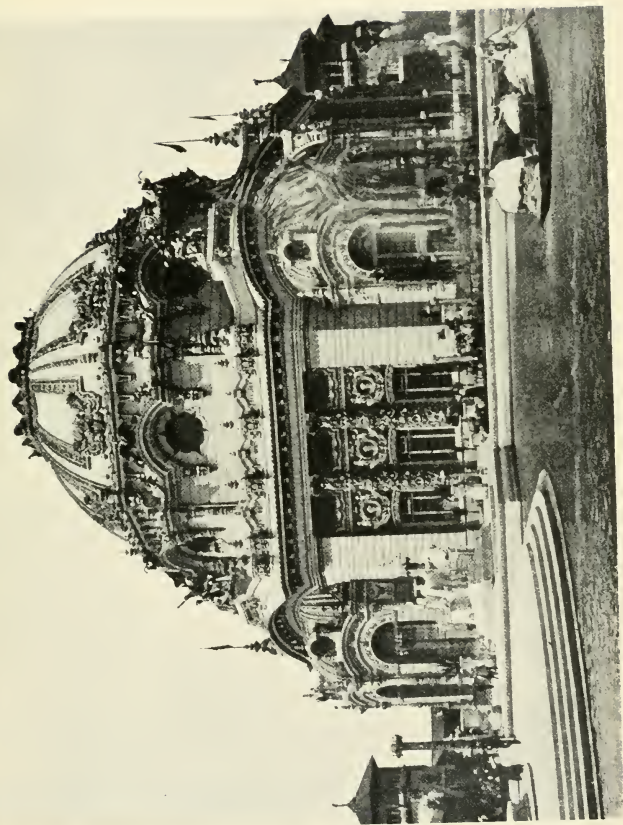
eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."¹

Alas! although no one knew it, this was to be his last public address. It was full of hope and confidence, and gave a large promise for the future. It should be read in its entirety by everybody, for it shows the real man as few other public addresses have done.

It was arranged that the President should hold a public reception on the following day on the fair grounds, and the Temple of Music was chosen for that purpose. This was a handsome structure, fronting upon an artificial lake, with fountains and beautiful statuary. The Temple was capable of holding several thousand people, and had at one end a platform for vocal and instrumental concerts, and at one side a large church organ, upon which recitals were fre-

¹ For President McKinley's last speech, in full, see Appendix A, p. 297.



Temple of Music, Buffalo.

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quently given. For the occasion the building was decorated with palms and potted plants, and flags were everywhere.

Long before the time appointed for the reception a great crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Temple of Music, all bright, cheerful, and expectant, never dreaming of the horrible tragedy so close at hand. Guards were upon all sides, but it was not thought necessary to caution them to extra watchfulness, for the President was so much beloved it was imagined he had not an enemy in all this broad land.

At last the President and his party arrived. Just before the Temple of Music was reached there was a delay, because the carriage could not get through the assembled multitude. During this delay one of the boys selling programmes on the grounds pushed his way to the President's turnout.

"Here's a present for you, Mr. President," he cried, and handed the chief magistrate three programmes.

"Thank you, my boy," returned President McKinley, and putting his hand into his pocket he drew out a dollar. "Here is something for you," he added.

“No, it’s a present,” said the lad, with a bright smile, and then the President smiled in return and thanked him again. Thus a boy gave him probably the last present he received and accepted.

The President was to receive near the centre of the large auditorium, the people coming in at one door and filing out at another. Soon the doors were opened, and the crowd began to enter and push forward, eagerly and yet good-naturedly.

For the time being nobody noticed a slightly built man, with a weak, characterless face, who had his hand tied up in a handkerchief. He joined the procession with the others, with a little girl and some ladies and gentlemen in front of him, and a negro and some white people behind.

Bowing and smiling pleasantly, President McKinley met every newcomer and shook the person cordially by the hand, as has been our democratic custom of Presidents for many years.

Presently the man who had his hand tied up in a handkerchief stood at the front, and now several noticed him, and the President put out his other hand as if to shake the

newcomer's left. But instead of extending his left hand, the man raised the bound-up hand quickly and fired two shots from a pistol concealed beneath the cloth.

Instantly there was a great commotion, and this was increased as the President was seen to stagger back. He was supported to a chair, and it was discovered that he was wounded, although how badly no one at that moment could tell. A rush was made for the assassin, and between the guards and the people present he was quickly placed under arrest. Then he was carried from the building by a side entrance and hurried off before the crowd could injure him; for at that moment of extreme excitement if some present could have gotten at him, his life would not have been worth a moment's purchase.

On the Exposition grounds there was an excellent hospital, and as soon as it could be accomplished the stricken President was placed in an ambulance and taken to this. Here it was found that he had been struck twice, — once on the breastbone, a wound of small importance, and once in the abdomen. At once the most skilful doctors in the

vicinity, were called in, and they did all they could for the sufferer, after which he was removed to Mr. Milburn's residence.

The news that an attempt had been made to assassinate our beloved President spread throughout the country like wildfire, and that evening and night great crowds collected in front of telegraph and newspaper offices, to read the latest bulletins. Everybody was shocked, and among these people were his keenest political rivals, for personally many were his friends. It was learned that the man who had done the foul deed was Leon Czolgosz, a Polish-American. The assassin was personally a stranger to the President. He said he was an anarchist, a member of a secret society that is against all law and order, a society which would tear down the very framework of all present government without having anything better or even as good to offer in return.

For a number of days it was hoped that the President would live, and all that medical skill could do was done for the distinguished patient. But gangrene had set in, and just one week after he had been so foully laid low he sank so rapidly that all

hope was abandoned. His wife came in to bid him farewell, followed by other relatives, and members of his Cabinet, and his friend of many years, Senator Hanna. The President seemed to realize that his last hour on earth had come, and his thoughts turned to his Maker, and he whispered feebly, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the words of his favorite hymn. Then after a long pause he continued: "Good-by all, good-by. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours." Shortly after this he relapsed into unconsciousness. He died on the following morning, September 14, at quarter past two o'clock.

CHAPTER XXX

TRIBUTE OF A NATION — THE FUNERAL AND FINAL
RESTING-PLACE

NEVER was a President more sincerely mourned than was William McKinley. The news of his death, circulated in the hours of the early morning, aroused a whole Nation almost to tears. Up to the last, people had hoped against hope that he would recover, and prayers had been offered in thousands of churches throughout our broad land and in many foreign places. But it was truly "God's way," and his soul marched on, to the eternal victory it had so well earned.

Upon the death of the President, Theodore Roosevelt became the next chief magistrate, and was sworn into office immediately. Then preparations were made for the funeral ceremonies, which were to be held, first at Buffalo, next at Washington, and finally at Canton, Ohio. In the meantime many expressed their desire that the cowardly

assassin be hung at once, but to the credit of the American people be it said that Czolgosz was given a fair trial. He could make no defence, and being found guilty of murder in the first degree, was duly sentenced to be electrocuted, according to the laws of the state in which his dastardly crime was committed.

The funeral of the President began in Buffalo, on Sunday morning, September 15, and ended in Canton, Thursday afternoon following. His body lay in state both in Buffalo and at Washington, and was there viewed by hundreds of thousands of people, while along the lines of railroad over which his funeral train passed countless multitudes gathered to honor his remains, in solemn silence and with bared heads, while at some points bands played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and school children and others literally covered the railroad tracks with flowers.

At Buffalo, one of the most impressive sights was that of the members of the Indian Congress coming from the Exposition grounds to view the remains at the City Hall. They had left their reserva-

tions under promise that they would see the Great White Father, and they had seen him just once in life and now they were at hand to do him honor in his death. They brought with them many flowers, and as they passed the bier, each murmured something in his native tongue and placed a flowery token of respect upon the coffin.

In the procession at Washington were representatives from nearly every nation on the earth, — from Europe and the British Isles, from Central and South America, from Japan and China. The President was there, and also the only living ex-President, Grover Cleveland, with national and state dignitaries of all ranks and political creeds. For the time being, all political differences and sectional feelings were blotted out, as the great masses came forward to do honor not alone to a man who had been their President, but to a man whom all loved and whom all looked up to as an older brother. From across the ocean, from countries which are scarcely known to many of us, came cablegrams full of sympathy, messages that told what a mighty monument for honor and justice William

McKinley had built for himself throughout both the civilized and the uncivilized world.

And then they carried him home — to Canton, which had known him so well from the days when he had hung out his sign as a struggling young lawyer — to Ohio, which had honored him as its representative in Congress, as governor, and which had wished him so well as President. As the funeral train entered the borders of the state, all labor was suspended, church bells tolled, and even the smallest hamlet poured forth its citizens to watch that last sad journey with clasped hands and bowed heads. Thus were his mortal remains received by those who knew him best of all, those among whom he had lived and worked since his birth.

And now that saddest hour in which every funeral, be it of high born or of low, must have its ending. The Nation had given up her son that last night to the widow who so loved him and who had so suddenly been deprived of his tender, loving support. Now was come the day when the remains were to be consigned to their last resting-place, and again the streets were

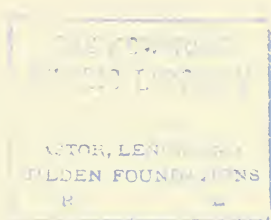
thronged with people and again the bells tolled solemnly, while the bands played their funeral dirges.

On went the procession, with thousands in line and a great multitude following, through streets heavily draped in black, and under arches of mourning, one erected by the school children who knew and loved him so well, on and on, out of the town and to the beautiful Westlawn Cemetery, where all was calm and peaceful and where his two little children had gone long years before.

As they placed him in that last resting-spot, a whole Nation stood still in silent prayer and in tears. For five minutes hardly a train in all these United States moved, no telegraphic wire was alive with messages, no street car jangled its bell, no ferry-boat ploughed its way across a busy river. In village and city, on the farm and in the busy thoroughfare, seventy-five millions of people stood as they had never stood before,—stood as if the blue dome of the sky covered one vast church, and they were all at service listening to that hymn which shall never die, “Nearer, My



McKinley's home at Canton, O.: The Milburn House ;
Tomb at West Lawn Cemetery.



God, to Thee.” Surely this was a funeral of which the greatest king that ever lived might well be proud.

As they placed his remains within the receiving vault, a battery located on a distant hill sent forth a salute of twenty-one guns. Three volleys for a faithful soldier followed, and then thirteen bugles mournfully blew taps, the last dying note lingering lovingly amid the trees which sobbed in the murmuring breeze. And so they left him, a faithful servant gone to his eternal reward.

APPENDIX A

WILLIAM McKINLEY'S LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS

Delivered at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, New
York, September 5, 1901

PRESIDENT MILBURN, DIRECTOR-GENERAL BUCHANAN, COMMISSIONERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : I am glad to be again in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good-will I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day, I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the French colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art,

science, education, and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise, and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and new prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve, and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further ad-

vanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill, and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best; and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will coöperate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry, and invention is an international asset, and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world! Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few

years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted, and international exchanges are made, by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the Government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen

days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now!

We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable, and he was able, through the military telegraph, to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our capital, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy. So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption, even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and awful suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy

that thrilled the world when a single message from the Government of the United States brought, through our minister, the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe ; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph ; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow-citizens : Trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every Amer-

ican community, and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvellous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everything we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period for exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times ; measures of retaliation are not.

If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched.

Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense, — they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go. We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds its practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced, by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear, this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

“ Make it live beyond its too short living,
With praises and thanksgiving.”

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition? Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope

that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

APPENDIX B

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY

1843. January 29. William McKinley, born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio. Seventh child of William McKinley and Nancy (Allison) McKinley.
1849. Became a scholar at the district school in Niles.
1852. The family removed to Poland, Mahoning County, Ohio.
Became a student at the Union Seminary of Poland.
1859. Became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church of Poland.
1860. Entered Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, but left soon, owing to ill health.
Became teacher of the Kerr district school near Poland.
1861. Became an assistant in the Poland post-office.
June 11. Enlisted as a private in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.
September 1. First fight of the young private, at Carnifex Ferry.
1862. April 15. Promoted to commissary sergeant.
September 17. At the battle of Antietam wins high praise by serving food to the soldiers while on the firing line.
September 24. Promoted to second lieutenant for services at Antietam.

1863. February 7. Promoted to first lieutenant.
Served in the campaign against Morgan and his raiders.
1864. July 25. Promoted to captain of Company G for gallantry at the battle of Kernstown, near Winchester, Virginia.
October 11. First vote for President cast, while on march, for Abraham Lincoln.
Shortly after the battle of Cedar Creek (October 19), Captain McKinley served on the staffs of General George Crook and General Winfield S. Hancock.
1865. March 13. Commissioned by President Lincoln as a major by brevet in the volunteer United States army, "for gallant and meritorious service at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill."
July 26. Mustered out of the army with his regiment, having never been absent from his command on sick leave during more than four years' service.
Returned to Poland, and at once commenced the study of law.
1866. Entered the Albany Law School.
1867. Admitted to the bar at Warren, Ohio, in March.
Began the practice of law in Canton, Ohio, — and made that place his home.
1869. Elected prosecuting attorney of Stark County on the Republican ticket.
1871. January 25. Married Miss Ida Saxton of Canton.
Failed of reelection as prosecuting attorney by forty-five votes, and for the next five years devoted himself successfully to the practice of law, and became a leading member of the bar of Stark County.
December 25. Birth of daughter Kate.

1872. Though not a candidate, very active as a campaign speaker in the Grant-Greeley presidential campaign.
1873. April 1. Birth of daughter Ida.
August 23. Death of daughter Ida.
1875. Especially active and conspicuous as a campaigner in the closely contested state election in which Rutherford B. Hayes was elected governor.
June 25. Death of daughter Kate.
1876. Elected member of the House of Representatives by 3300 majority.
1878. Reëlected to Congress by 1234 majority.
1880. Reëlected to Congress by 3571 majority. Appointed a member of the Ways and Means Committee, to succeed President-elect Garfield.
1882. The Republicans suffered reverses throughout the country in the congressional elections, and McKinley was reëlected by a majority of only eight.
1884. Reëlected to Congress by a majority of 2000.
1886. Reëlected to Congress by a majority of 2550.
1888. Delegate at large to the national convention in Chicago that nominated Benjamin Harrison, and served as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. Many delegates wished McKinley to become the nominee, but he stood firm in his support to John Sherman.
Elected to Congress for the seventh successive time, receiving a majority of 4100 votes.
1890. Upon the death of William D. Kelley, in January, McKinley became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and leader of his party in the House. He introduced a bill "to simplify the laws in relation to the collection of the revenues," known as the "customs administration bill." He also introduced a general tariff bill. The bill became a law October 6.

As a result of the reaction against the Republican party throughout the country, caused by the protracted struggle over the tariff bill, McKinley was defeated in the election for Congress by 300 votes in counties that had previously gone Democratic by 3000.

1891. November 3. Elected governor of Ohio by a plurality of 21,511, polling the largest vote that had ever been cast for governor in Ohio.

1892. As delegate at large to the national convention at Minneapolis and chairman of the convention, McKinley refused to permit the consideration of his name, and supported the renomination of President Harrison.

Death of William McKinley, Sr., in November.

1893. Feb. 17. Lost his private fortune through the failure of a friend.

Unanimously renominated for governor of Ohio, and reelected by a plurality of 80,995, this majority being the greatest ever recorded, with a single exception during the Civil War, for any candidate in the history of the state.

1896. June 18. At the Republican national convention in St. Louis, McKinley was nominated for President on the first ballot.

November 3. Received a popular vote in the presidential election of 7,104,779, a plurality of 601,854 over his Democratic opponent.

1897. March 4. Inaugurated President of the United States for the twenty-eighth quadrennial term.

March 6. Issued proclamation for an extra session of Congress to assemble March 15. The President's message dwelt solely upon the need of a revision of the existing tariff law.

May 17. In response to an appeal from the President, Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the relief of the destitution in Cuba.

- May 20. The Senate of the United States recognized the Cubans as belligerents.
- July 24. The "Dingley tariff bill" receives the President's approval.
- December 12. Death of President McKinley's mother at Canton, Ohio.
1898. Feb. 15. Battleship *Maine* blown up in Havana Harbor.
- Both branches of Congress voted unanimously (the House on March 8 by a vote of 313 to 0, and the Senate by a vote of 76 to 0 on the following day) to place \$50,000,000 at the disposal of the President, to be used at his discretion, "for the national defence."
- March 23. The President sent to the Spanish government, through Minister Woodford, at Madrid, an ultimatum regarding the intolerable condition of affairs in Cuba.
- March 28. The report of the court of inquiry on the destruction of the *Maine* at Havana, on February 15, was transmitted by the President to Congress.
- April 11. The President sent a message to Congress outlining the situation, declaring that intervention was necessary, and advising against the recognition of the Cuban government.
- April 21. The Spanish government sent Minister Woodford his passports, thus beginning the war.
- April 22. Proclamation announcing war issued by the President.
- April 23. The President issued a call for 125,000 volunteers.
- April 24. Spain formally declared that war existed with the United States.
- April 25. In a message to Congress, the President recommended the passage of a joint resolution

declaring that war existed with Spain. On the same day both branches of Congress passed such a declaration.

May 1. Spanish fleet in Manila Bay sunk by American war-ships under command of Commodore Dewey.

May 25. The President issued a call for 75,000 additional volunteers.

June 29. Yale University conferred upon President McKinley the degree of LL.D.

July 1 and 2. Land battles on the outskirts of Santiago, Cuba, won by the United States troops.

July 3. Spanish fleet in Cuban waters destroyed near Santiago Bay by American war-ships under Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley.

July 7. Joint resolution of Congress providing for the annexation of Hawaii received the approval of the President.

August 9. Spain formally accepted the President's terms of peace.

August 12. The peace protocol was signed. An armistice was proclaimed, and the Cuban blockade raised.

August 13. City of Manila taken.

October 17. The President received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Chicago.

October 18. United States took possession of Porto Rico.

December 10. The treaty of peace between Spain and the United States was signed at Paris.

1899. February 1. United States flag raised at Guam.

February 10. Peace treaty with Spain signed by the President.

March 17. Peace treaty signed by the Queen Regent of Spain.

- June 16. United States Minister Bellamy Storer arrived in Spain.
- July 7. President called for 10 regiments to quell Filipino insurrection.
- July 24. Reciprocity treaty with France signed.
- July 29. Final sitting of International Peace Conference.
- October 12. Alaska boundary dispute temporarily arranged by Great Britain and the United States.
- November 21. Vice-President Hobart died at Paterson, N.J.
1900. March 14. The President signed the "gold standard act."
- June 19. Legation in Peking attacked by Boxers. American troops sent to China to take part in rescuing those in the legations at Peking. Movement was a complete success on August 14.
- June 21. The Republican national convention at Philadelphia unanimously renominates William McKinley for the Presidency.
- June 21. The President's amnesty proclamation to the Filipinos was published in Manila.
- September 10. McKinley issued a letter accepting the Presidential nomination and discussed the issues of the campaign.
- November 6. In the Presidential election, McKinley carried 28 states, which have an aggregate of 292 votes in the electoral college, his Democratic opponent carrying 17 states, having 155 electoral votes. McKinley's popular plurality was also larger than in the election of 1896.
1901. March 4. Inaugurated President for a second time.
- April 9. Aguinaldo, having been captured March 23 issued a Peace Manifesto at Manila, P. I.
- April 29. The President's trip to the West begun.

Abandoned at San Francisco middle of May because of illness of Mrs. McKiuley.

September 4. Arrived at Buffalo and reviewed troops there.

September 5. Delivered his last address, on the Triumphal Bridge, at the Pan-American Exposition grounds.

September 6. Visited Niagara Falls in the morning. Returned to Buffalo in the afternoon to receive the people at the Temple of Music, Exposition grounds. Was shot twice by Leon Czolgosz, a Polish-American anarchist.

September 14. Died at the Milburn house, Buffalo, New York, at 2.15 A.M.

September 19. Last services over the body held at Canton, Ohio. Business throughout the entire United States suspended. Body placed in the receiving vault, Westlawn Cemetery.

Shortly after President McKinley's death and burial, his assassin was tried in the Erie County Court, at Buffalo, New York, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be electrocuted, according to the law of the state in which the dastardly crime was committed.

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